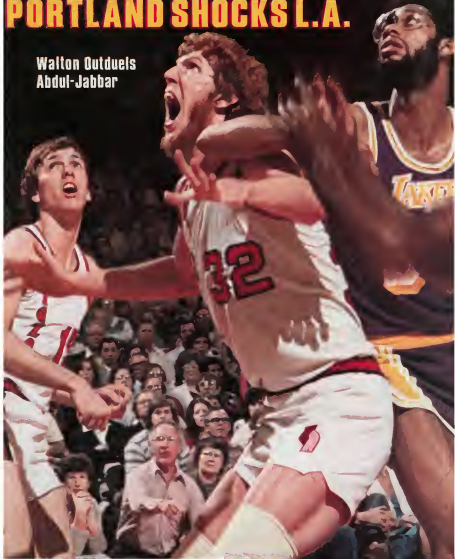


Sports Illustrated

MAY 23, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

PORTLAND SHOCKS L.A.

Walton Outduels
Abdul-Jabbar



Coke *adds life...*

Trade-marks

*to Randy and Sue...
and their sandwiches, too!*

Copyright © 1977, The Coca-Cola Company. "Coca-Cola" and "Coke" are registered trade-marks which identify the same product of The Coca-Cola Company.



**Carlton
is
lowest.**

Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

Product	Price	Weight	Volume
Carlin Soft Pack	1.00	0.10	0.10
Carlin Menthol	less than 1.00	0.10	0.10
Carlin Box	less than 1.00	0.10	0.10



Soft pack-1 mg
Menthol-less than 1 mg.
Box -less than 1 mg.

Less than 1 mg. tar.

© 1995 Philip Morris Inc. All rights reserved. Tar: 0.9 mg. "tar," nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Soft Pack and Menthol 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC '76.
B&W 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

What to ask about Sears Central Air Conditioning...

and who to ask.

The Sears Air Men (and women, too!). 10,000 trained professionals



whose work is the planning, installation, and maintenance of residential central air conditioning. We've got the answers to your questions.

ask We'll explain how it works (it's not all that complicated). And we'll determine if it's workable in your house (if you have forced-air heat, it probably is).

ask What size Sears unit you'll need (we have a wide range of sizes).

ask About costs, and we'll show you how the efficiency for any particular Sears unit compares

with that of comparable competitive units (very favorably). Finally, we'll submit our proposal with a complete explanation of costs, including installation.

ask About the features that make Sears such a great value. We'll explain our exclusive "System Guardian" which continuously monitors the system's operation and alerts you to potential malfunctions. And we'll explain how our "Silent Sentinel" automatically balances condenser fan speed to the outside temperature to give you our quietest possible operation.

You've got questions about central air conditioning. And we can give you the answers.

Just ask.

Available at most major Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores and in the catalog.

Sears **AIR**
MEN

At last. A little cartridge camera that does what the big cameras do.



The one and only Minolta 110 Zoom SLR.

Those little 110 cartridge-loading cameras give you lots of convenience, but not much versatility.

Big angle lens reflex cameras give you lots of versatility, but may be more than you want to carry around.

Here's a new kind of camera that gives you the best of both worlds: the little Minolta 110 Zoom SLR.

How little is it?

Only 5.3 inches wide by 4.3 inches deep by 2.1 inches high. And it weighs only 15.1 ounces. You can carry it anywhere.

How easy is it to load?

Use drop-in film cartridges for color slides or color or black-and-white snapshots. You just slip in the cartridge. The camera sets the filmspeed automatically, including the new super-fast ASA 400.

It's a reflex camera.

A single lens reflex camera means that you look through the lens that's taking the picture. So you see beforehand what your slides

or prints will be like.

Focusing is through the lens, also. It's quick and easy because of a microprism circle that breaks up the image until it's perfectly clear...and in focus.

And when you look through the viewfinder, you'll also see glowing lights which tell you if your batteries are O.K. and warn of over or under exposure.

Zoom lens.

This handy feature lets you zoom in for a bigger image or zoom back to get more into the scene. And it's built into the camera, not an extra-cost accessory.

Close-up lens.

For even closer shots, there's a built-in "macro" lens that lets you take pictures as close to your subject as 11.3 inches.

Automatic exposure, too.

You just choose a lens opening and the 110 Zoom SLR selects the precise shutter speed you need, automatically, anywhere

from an action-stopping 1/1000th of a second to a full 10 seconds. And there's an "override" control for unusual lighting situations.



Automatic flash.

Slip the optional Minolta Auto Electroflash 25 onto the 110 Zoom SLR and you've got an automatic electronic flash camera that you can

hold in the palm of your hand. You'll never need flashbulbs again.

The 110 Zoom SLR even comes with its own rubber lens shade to keep stray light from interfering with your pictures. And there's a safety lock to keep you from taking pictures accidentally.

If you'd like to know more about this revolutionary little camera, see your photo dealer or write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446.

MINOLTA

110 Zoom SLR. There's never been a camera like it.

Reading between the lines of the 1976 Tax Reform Act:
Its impact on personal estate planning.

"If your assets are held in joint tenancy with your husband or wife, watch out for double taxation."

"The new tax law may seem to favor joint tenancy for passing property to a spouse. But don't be trapped into double taxation, which can be especially severe if your estate exceeds a sum of \$400,000," suggests Jim Louden, Assistant Vice President in Trust Legal.

Suppose a husband places his assets in joint tenancy with his wife. Upon the death of the husband, it is no longer necessary to prove each spouse's contribution to the tenancy. Code Sec. 2040(b) states that only half the assets in joint tenancy are taxed in the husband's estate *if* the joint tenancy is between spouses, *if* it is created after December 31, 1976, and *if* (here's the rub) the creation of joint tenancy is *reported* as a gift.

The new unified tax rate schedule provides that gifts are to be taxed basically at the same rate as estates, with a possible result of no tax savings whatsoever. Even worse, *all* the joint tenancy assets are then included in the surviving co-owner's estate to be *taxed again*—a double taxation.

This double taxation can be avoided by leaving your assets in a trust administered



by experts. For an estate of \$400,000, a trust could mean a tax savings of \$59,000; for an estate of \$1,000,000 it could mean a substantial savings of \$141,000.

Make sure you're doing all you can to assure financial security for your family. Talk to your attorney and the Trust Department experts at First Chicago. Call or write Chick Olson, Planning Counselor, Trust Department, (312) 732-4305, The First National Bank of Chicago, One First National Plaza, Chicago, 60670.

**The First National Bank of Chicago
Chicago's Bank**





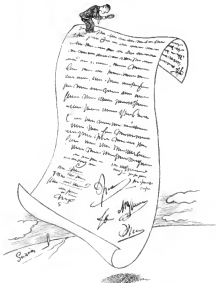
puzzled about LAS VEGAS?



Some businessmen are puzzled about Las Vegas. Can the entertainment capital of the world also be an effective location for business meetings and conventions? The figures speak for themselves: the busy Las Vegas Convention Center now occupies almost 800,000 square feet, since the beginning of this decade convention revenue has grown 52%, and the number of hotel and motel accommodations will climb to almost 50,000 by 1980! Piece by piece Las Vegas has created a great convention city for you and your business organization.

This full color award winning brochure is a fancy way of giving you all the down to earth facts about Las Vegas conventions. Costs, transportation, housing, maps, and floor plans are combined in a unique entertaining book which offers a surprise on every page. Write us on your letterhead for your free Las Vegas Book. Convention Bureau Director, Las Vegas Convention Bureau, P.O. Box 14005, Las Vegas, Nevada 89114.

Who needs a life insurance policy only a lawyer can understand?



In plain English, no one.

A policy is the basic communications document between you and your life insurance company. And a legal contract specifying exactly what you've bought. That's why you want to be absolutely certain you understand every detail. And so do we.

LEGAL PROTECTION.

Over the years, technical needs, compliance with laws and regulations, and countless legal interpretations have resulted in legalistic policy language difficult for the average person to understand. But most of it is there for your legal protection. Many of the words and phrases have

been tested in the courts to guarantee your benefits and define mutual responsibilities. But since few people understand complex legal phrasing, many can't interpret significant details of their policies.

PLAIN TALK.

Because we believe in a fully informed customer, in June 1976, the life insurance companies created a committee of executives to study and recommend possible ways of simplifying the language in life insurance policies. So, as far as the life insurance business can accomplish the task, what can be simplified will be. In fact, several companies are already issuing new policies written in language easier for people to understand.

FREE BOOKLET EXPLAINS ALL.

Your agent is, of course, best qualified to answer your questions. But, if you'd like, we'll send you a booklet that explains your life insurance policy in language easy for you to understand. It's called *What's in Your Life Insurance Policy*. It's yours free, if you'll send us this coupon.

If that doesn't answer all your questions about your policy, or if you have any other questions, just write us. We'll answer. Honestly and promptly. Because that's one of our policies, too.

What's in
your
life insurance
policy?



American Council
of Life Insurance
Dept. SL
277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017
Please send a copy of
What's in Your Life Insurance Policy.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

We want you to know more about life:

**THE LIFE INSURANCE
COMPANIES IN AMERICA**

REPRESENTED BY THE AMERICAN COUNCIL OF LIFE INSURANCE



Our price doesn't live up to our reputation.

Owners of Ferraris, Mercedes and Alfa Romeos swear by them.

Auto enthusiast magazines rave about them.

Rally champions depend on them.

The "them" in this case is us. Pirelli.

All of which makes it easy to believe that Pirelli tires are probably beyond the reach, and the budget, of ordinary mortals.

Nothing could be further from the truth.

The fact is, our new P76, Pirelli's high performance, steel belted radial costs no more than the top of the line radial made by the biggest selling domestic tire maker. In most sizes, it costs even less.

Not only that, but there's now a Pirelli radial for virtually every car on the road. Big and small. Imported and domestic.

So maybe we shouldn't tell you that we were making radials 15 years before any radial made in America.

Or that 68 companies have used our patents for their products.

That might scare you off.

Maybe we should just tell you that you can actually afford a Pirelli. You just think you can't.

PIRELLI

Until this ship was built, oil buried deep at sea might just as well have been on the moon.



Discoverer Seven Seas. A drilling ship so uniquely capable, it can drill for oil in depths never before possible.

Over two-thirds of the earth's surface is covered by ocean. Unfortunately, so are some of the world's largest oil deposits.

For years, shallow water drilling platforms were used to recover a small fraction of this oil. But billions of barrels buried deep at sea were still beyond man's technological reach.

Soon special drilling ships were developed to operate in deeper and deeper waters. Except these ships depended on anchors to hold themselves in place over the drilling site. And in many instances, oil was buried beneath waters so deep, even anchors couldn't help.

Discoverer Seven Seas

Then the people of Phillips Petroleum joined together with an international group of companies to put a different kind of drilling ship into operation. Discoverer

Seven Seas. A drilling ship so uniquely capable, it can drill for oil in depths never before thought possible. As great as 6,000 feet below the surface. Instead of relying on anchors, this remarkable

ship uses a system of computerized underwater thrusters to keep it in place.

Dynamic positioning is the key

Once Discoverer Seven Seas starts to drill for oil, information about the exact location of the drilling hole is beamed directly from the ocean floor to computers on board, through sensors in the hull of the ship.

From that point on, it is virtually locked into position. Every time wind, waves or ocean currents push the ship off target, the computer-activated underwater thrusters automatically push it back on track.

This dynamic positioning system is so accurate, Discoverer Seven Seas can hover over the same spot almost indefinitely.

A giant splash for mankind

With the help of sophisticated new technology, Discoverer Seven Seas has given man the means to drill for oil in waters where he could never drill before.

Searching the world over for oil, then turning it into fine products for your car. At Phillips Petroleum we have a word for it: Performance.

The Performance Company



Computerized thrusters take the place of anchors.

If you don't find a TURTLE, it's hard to tell what you'll get.

Ever thought you found a sure thing . . . only to discover later you've been disappointed again. No more. Because every Holloway jacket has a Turtle® emblem on the bottom snap. It's your assurance that we'll come through. Always. With long-lasting good looks; wind, water, and weather-resistance; double stitching and safety seams; lined or unlined easy care nylon. And 18 dashing colors. Look for it. Next time you try on a jacket. The Turtle mark (on the bottom snap). It means you're getting the best. So follow just one simple rule. No Turtle. No buy.

Holloway Sportswear Inc.
607 East Pike Street
Jackson Centre Ohio 45114



HOLLOWAY
"One shell of a jacket"

Shopwalk

by DOUGLAS LOONEY

AT LAST, A WATCH THAT REVEALS YOUR PULSE WITH UNDERSTATED ELEGANCE

What happens—the man was explaining, "is that Americans invent and develop something—the Russians claim they did it, and the Japanese make money off of it." Then he pushed back from his lunch of red snapper and took his pulse by placing his finger on his watch. On his watch? Of course. For this man, John M. Bergey, is president of Time Computer, Inc., of Landover, Pa., the Pulse people. And his company has started trying to peddle a, well, it's what we used to call a watch. Only Bergey would like to shame us into thinking that to have just a watch (remember those quaint items with numbers, a big hand, a little hand, and if you were really updown, a sweep-second hand?) is as outdated as wearing fluorescent shoelaces.

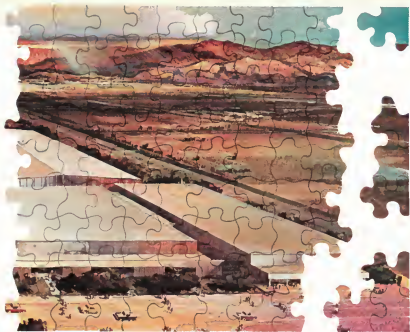
Bergey hopes that people will get a serious yearning for what he calls his "personal information and monitoring device" or "the world's first electronic, personal pulse indicator worn on the wrist."

Pulsear has made 120 of these pulse-monitoring watches in 14-karat gold. They not only will instantly calculate and display in red numbers your pulse rate (by averaging every two heart beats), but also will tell you the month, day, date and whether it's a.m. or p.m. Oh, yes, if you persist in old-fashioned ideas, the time to the second. If you want to be the first to sport the thing, it costs \$2,500. By summer, though, says Pulsear, it will put out a model "for about \$395."

The market is supposed to be for the physical-fitness buff—the jigger, for instance, who might want an instant readout on how much stress that extra mile cost him—as well as for the person who wants to show off at cocktail parties.

The electronics of this device (four batteries, two computers) are mystifying. Suffice it to say that the pulse is one of three vital signs (the others being blood pressure and temperature), and a key indicator of health is how long it takes your heart rate to return to normal after vigorous exercise. Bergey hopes that his company may soon have a watch that will take your temperature, although he admits that sticking a watch in your mouth could be cumbersome.

"But for the person who wants to know about his inner secrets and improve his self-awareness," says Bergey, eyeing a victor's watch with rite of Mickie's white gloves broken off the hour hand "this digital Pulse/Time Computer has an understated elegance that is right for the times." END



LAS VEGAS CONVENTION AND VISITORS AUTHORITY



If you're getting into the same old jam every day, have we got news for you.

Better traffic information can get you out of that jam.

And Newsradio 78 can give it to you. Reported by Gary Lee, our exclusive computer traffic control at the Sears skydeck gives you more information, more often than anyone else. It covers all the expressways and major thoroughfares. It even tells you how the buses and trains are

running. And it's never grounded by bad weather.

Newsradio 78. We've got what it takes to keep the daily drive from being a daily bore. Like Brad Palmer's up-to-the-minute sports. National and international news from the CBS Radio Network. Business news direct from E. F. Hutton, Inc. and CBS. And the most comprehen-

sive weather reports in Chicago from our Weather Command.

So keep moving. And keep up-to-date. If you're behind the wheel, anywhere in Chicago, have we got news for you.

WBBM/CBS
Newsradio 78
Those Newspeople.



Try it on for size. Any week.

Maybe you're heading for a plane, heading home from school, checking in at the check-out counter. Maybe you're hurried, harned, or hassled. You need a lift and a laugh—a change of pace. Then try the latest PEOPLE Magazine (it's fresh every week) and catch up with a hundred faces (and the stories behind them). Find out who's doing and saying what to whom. Learn who's writing, fighting, flighting, biting... what's cooking, who's looking, what's worth looking into—everywhere. Dash over to wherever you buy magazines. Buy a PEOPLE. You can't miss the cover. And you shouldn't ever miss what's going on inside.

HOBBYTALK

by VIRGINIA KRAFT

COLLECTORS ARE GETTING A BANG OUT OF INEXPENSIVE ANTIQUE FIREARM KITS

Until recently, collecting antique firearms was rather like buying Picassos or Fabergé eggs—a hobby hardly vanted to the man on the street. Take, for example, a 1975 auction at Sotheby Parke Bernet in Los Angeles, at which a matched pair of four-inch-long pocket percussion pistols brought \$6,300. At the same auction a German doglock pistol with inlays and engraving brought \$11,000, and a Colt Paterson revolver commanded \$14,000.

Stiff though these prices may seem, they are trifling when compared with the \$312,500 Sotheby's in London got for a French 17th-century flintlock fowling piece created for Louis XIII. It was purchased by New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art and has possibly been viewed enviously by a different

breed of collector, a group that has developed something of a mania for reproductions of antique firearms. Educated estimates place the current number of these avid collectors at more than half a million and still growing.

Just as quality prints of old masters have enabled the average citizen to become an art collector, quality replicas of firearms that are faithful in detail, fine in workmanship and inexpensive to buy now make it possible for just about anyone to become a gun collector.

"Besides, few collectors ever fire the authentic period guns they acquire," says one of Sotheby's top armory experts. "Anytime an antique gun is fired, there is a chance that the finish may be affected. Five degrees more or less bluing or browning in the finish can raise or lower the price several hundred dollars." Therefore, one of the joys of owning an exact replica of an antique firearm is that the collector can fire it to his heart's content without diminishing the value of the real thing lying safely in its glass case.

One of the manufacturers of replicas is

Classic Arms International. It was founded in 1974, and business has been booming ever since. Paradoxically, Classic Arms traces its success directly to the 1973 recession. Its founder, president and principal stockholder, Paul Romano, 42, had a long and, until 1973, prosperous career in commercial real estate. Then mortgage money dried up, and Romano found himself with extensive property holdings he could neither sell nor finance. He vowed that his next business would involve only "small-ticket" items that were not as tightly tied as real estate to the over-all economy.

Guns were his choice. Romano had been a collector all his life and in recent years had acquired several outstanding antique firearms at four-figure prices. The idea of making reproductions of them intrigued him.

"We are manufacturing a better product for less money right here in America, where many of these guns originated," he says. "Some manufacturers get parts from Europe, but our trademark is 'Made entirely in the USA—lock, stock and barrel.'"

Romano began producing his own replicas on a limited scale in a small factory in

continued

The great white wines of Paul Masson.



Nothing good happens fast.

BUICK REGAL

\$5,115⁰⁵*



How to talk yourself into a Buick.

Let's say you're looking for a new car. And, just for the sake of argument, let's also suppose that, like many people, you're in the market for a mid-size.

If that be the case, we suspect that you are hard pressed to make a decision. For heaven knows, there are a lot of mid-size cars to choose from.

But before you settle on one, we suggest you take a close personal look at the magnificent mid-size pictured above. The Buick Regal.

Be honest now. Even though you sure wouldn't mind driving around in a Buick, it's quite possible you haven't even considered the Regal. Because the mere mention of the name Buick conjures up elegance, luxury, prestige, and consequently... expense.

Well, the part about the elegance and what-not is all true. But the expense? Balderdash.

*That Regal, as you see it equipped, with power steering, power brakes, available stowaway spare

tire, automatic transmission, whitewall tires and AM radio, carries a manufacturer's suggested retail price of \$5,115.05, including dealer preparation. Tax, license, destination charges, and other available equipment additional. Priced higher in California.

Which, if you've done any comparative shopping at all, is a darn good price for any good mid-size car. But for a Buick, it's incredible.

If you agree, see your Buick dealer.

After you've seen the Regal, you'll talk yourself into it.

If you're thinking about a mid-size, and you're not thinking about a Regal, maybe you'd better think again.



Valley Stream, N.Y., but Classic soon outgrew that plant and in January 1975 moved into an empty 10,000-square-foot factory in Palmer, Mass. that had once produced submarine nets for the Navy. A year later that space had been expanded to 30,000 square feet.

Romano's first replicas were of an Ethan Allen Pepperbox, a revolving four-barrel that was used extensively by gold miners and merchants in the 1840s, and a New Orleans Ace, a single-barrel from the same era that was popularly known as "the original gambler's companion."

The response to these weapons was beyond Romano's wildest dreams. His first ads brought in 80,000 orders. More important, a large percentage of those who ordered one gun ordered a second.

Classic produces replicas of four guns, with a fifth, a Derringer adapted to black powder, due shortly. It also sells a replica of the Coffin Bowse knife and literally tons of silver and brass ornamental belt buckles commemorating everything from Coors beer to exorcism. Gun production alone amounts to from 400 to 600 units a day and is back-

ordered by more than two months. Classic has helped lower the unemployment rate in Palmer from 14% to 7.4%.

The reasons for this remarkable success are several, not the least of which is the quality of the products. The guns are not toys, but beautifully machined, precision-tooled products. Depending upon the model, each part undergoes anywhere from five to 15 separate operations, all parts are interchangeable within a given model and all pertinent tolerances are held at less than .005 of an inch.

The surprisingly low cost is another reason for the popularity of Classic's guns. The least expensive model, the New Orleans Ace, sells for \$29.95 in kit form, \$44.95 completely assembled. The three-barrel Duckfoot, an unusual multiple-shot gun made popular by sea captains who used it to help keep crews in line in the late 18th century, sells for \$36.95 for the kit, \$54.95 assembled. The double-barrel Snake Eyes, also known as "The Deadly Deuce," a pearl-handled copy of the favorite persuader of Mississippi riverboat gamblers, goes for \$39.95 in kits, \$59.95 assembled. One of the most expen-

sive models is the four-barrel Ethan Allen Pepperbox, priced at \$44.95 in a kit and \$69.95 assembled.

The appeal of the kits has been enormous. They outsell completely assembled models by more than 10 to one. The lower cost of the kits is only one reason. Many hobbyists enjoy fitting the parts together, sanding the wood and buffing the metal.

Even in kit form the Classic guns are actually 90% completed, fully unlathed, drilled and tapped, and require no particular skill, only patience, to assemble. A file, a screwdriver and fine sandpaper are more than adequate to do the job.

"The parts come out like pieces of jewelry," says Neil Gage, Classic's chief design engineer. "Once they have gone through all the machinery, every part is carefully inspected. The guns we build are actually much better in quality and workmanship than the originals. If you paid \$500, you would not find any more technical quality control than you get in a Classic gun for \$29.95."

Inquiries may be addressed to Classic Arms International, Ltd., 547 Merrick Rd., Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563. **END**

The Winner II

IMPORTED SPORT SHOE

Super Style For Trackin' & Truckin'



At larger
Sears, Roebuck and Co.
stores. And in the catalog.

Sears
At the Shoe Place

Split suede over choice of nylon or vinyl. Padded tongue and collar for comfort. Full cushioned insole for support. Sawtooth-tread rubber sole for traction.

Old Gold pleasure!

Taste is why.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. 1976.

The traditional
face of Analogs

The innovative look of
Multi-Mode LC Digitals



ALL QUARTZ. ALL SEIKO. ALL SUPERBLY ACCURATE.

Seiko pioneered quartz. The first quartz watch ever sold was a Seiko. And today, Seiko offers the world's largest selection of quality quartz watches.

There is the Seiko Quartz Analog Collection, watches with hands that pinpoint time with unerring quartz accuracy. And they never need winding. You can choose from a wide array of models: boldly colorful dials and trilingual day/date settings, ultra-thin dress watches and exquisitely miniature Lady Seiko Quartz models.

In the Multi-Mode LC Digital Quartz Collection, Seiko features the world's first LC chronograph that instantly converts into a stopwatch with an electronic memory, dual-zone timers, and many other models. All with continuous readout, built-in illumination, over 1 year battery life and a wide range of innovative multi-mode functions.

Every Seiko Quartz watch is the result of almost a century of involvement and innovation in timekeeping. Each combines impeccable styling and unsurpassed quartz accuracy with Seiko's technological genius and traditionally demanding quality control. That's why Seiko is constantly expanding the boundaries of timekeeping. Seiko Quartz. 

SEIKO

Someday all watches will be made this way.

Seiko Time Corporation, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019

Shown (left to right): Model No. CN022—Men's ultra-thin dress watch. HARDEX mar-resist crystal. \$215.00. Model No. CM092M—Instant day/date setting, trilingual English-Spanish-French calendar, HARDEX mar-resist crystal, 98.2 ft. water tested. Luminous hands and markers. \$195.00. Model No. DV002M—Dual Zone. Features two simultaneous timekeeping systems. Continuous readout. Built-in illumination. HARDEX mar-resist crystal. 98.2 ft. water tested. \$250.00. Model No. DN002M—Continuous readout in hours, minutes and seconds with AM/PM indicator. Instant display of month and date. 98.2 ft. water tested. \$225.00.

#1

A second independent survey confirms it:
American Airlines is the frequent flier's
No. 1 choice for domestic air travel!

#1

Again

More than a year ago, the Airline Passengers Association surveyed its frequent-flying members.

The question: If you were flying anywhere in the United States, and had your choice of any U.S. airline, which would you choose?

The answer: More people chose American than any other airline, and the overriding reason was service.

But now the results are in from a new survey by the Opinion Research Corporation, Princeton, N.J. They interviewed 513 middle and top management executives from America's largest companies.

The question: If you had your choice of any U.S. airline, to any United States destination, which one airline would be your first choice?

The answer: Again, more people chose American than any other airline.

Different surveys, similar questions, identical results.

American Airlines is the frequent-flier's number one choice for domestic travel.

So whether you're flying on business or vacation, remember:

We're American Airlines.

Doing what we do best.



A true major league fan lets it go to his head.

Official Licensed National and American League Superstripe caps from AJD.
Buy two and make it a double-header.



Please send me _____ caps for (baseball team name):
_____ at \$8.50 each (postage paid).

Size: ☐ Men's ☐ Women's ☐ Child's

I understand Superstripe caps are also available for the
NFL teams. Please send _____ caps for (NFL team):
_____ at \$8.50 each (postage paid).

Size: ☐ Men's ☐ Women's ☐ Child's
Made in U.S.A.

Available at leading sporting goods dealers everywhere.

AJD Cap Company

3301 Castlewood Road / Richmond, Va. 23234

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

For the love of Mike...



LOVE RING

Style #IND-13
\$10.50 postpaid
(Slightly enlarged to show detail)

or Mary, Him or Her...

For Valentine's Day,
Mother's Day, anniversary
or birthday - anytime
you want to say LOVE.

This gleaming golden ring*
by Aliva Museum Replicas
is adapted from the
famous sculpture in the
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Art. Gift boxed with a
descriptive history. Sizes
6-7-8 \$11.00 postpaid.

To order by mail, be sure to
specify style number and size
NY, Conn. residents add sales
tax. No COD's. Replacement
or refund within three weeks
if not satisfied.

Send 75c for full color
Museum Collections catalog

*Gold electro plated



Museum Collections

140 Greenwich Avenue
Greenwich, Conn. 06830

Shopwalk

by ANITA VERSCHOT

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A HAND-BUILT BIKE, BE READY TO HAND OVER \$1,000

There are perhaps 50 builders of custom-made bicycles in the U.S., but only one of them has been compared to Antonio Stradivari. He is Bill Boston, 30, of Swedesboro, N.J., a rural community of 2,300 near Philadelphia. "He builds a bicycle," says one admirer, "with all the care and skill of a Stradivari fashioning a violin."

Boston smiles. "I don't have an Italian name," he says, "but I'm better with my hands than the average person." And he holds out his hands as if for inspection.

Indeed, Boston is a superb craftsman who sets out to put together the ideal that is, as technically perfect and comfortable a machine as possible for each of his customers. In the five years he has been building bikes, Boston claims never to have made two that were exactly alike. Tandems are the biggest challenge, because they must fit two people usually differing in size. A fitting at Boston's workshop in an old garage on Franklin Street takes 2½ hours for singles and up to eight hours for tandems. Boston's first question to a prospective customer is, "What do you want to use the bike for?" Most of his patrons are tourists, and they come from all over the country. They range from the New York executive who enjoys a Sunday ride in Central Park to the retired couple from Schenectady, N.Y. who are planning an extensive bike tour across Europe, or the young fellow who wants the wind in his face.

To determine the proper fit, Boston has designed a tandem fitting stand. "The only one of its kind in the world," he says. While a customer sits on the stand and pedals furiously, Boston adjusts tubes to establish proper lengths and height, and with the help of a calculator he figures the correct angles. This and other pertinent details are entered on a "custom-frame order form," together with the client's vital statistics, which include the length of his arms, forearms and legs. One gets the feel of a medical checkup.

Boston bronze-welds the frames from Reynolds 531 tubing, a manganese-molybdenum steel alloy he imports from England in different thicknesses. "The walls are thicker at the ends than in the center to give the bike high strength while keeping its weight down," he says. "A heavy rider or a racer who wants a stiff bike needs heavier tubing." For a comfortable ride, Boston adjusts the length of the handlebar extension and the top tube. A tourist frequently wants to be more upright than

a racer." For a start, when you put your elbow against the front of the saddle, you should be able to reach the handlebar with your fingertips," he says. "If the bar is too far away, the bike will be unstable."

Once Boston has established the dimensions of the frame, he helps his customers select from a wide variety of the finest components built in the U.S. and abroad. He has never used upright handlebars and thinks the best dropped bars are made by Cinelli of Italy. Boston recommends an English Brooks saddle or, for women, a wider French Ideale TB-14. There are approximately 42 sidepull and 25 centerpull brakes to choose from. Campagnolo's sidepulls are the best. For tandems he suggests cantilevers, very powerful brakes mounted on both sides of the wheel. Most bicycles come with cup-and-cone bearings, which get dirty and require maintenance. Boston uses precision-made sealed bearings from Phil Wood & Co. in Los Gatos, Calif., which do not have to be cleaned and readjusted.

Boston takes a week to put a singles bike together and three weeks to finish a tandem. Then he hand-sprays the machines with lustrous Du Pont paint. Among his customers' favorite colors are electric blue, dark green, mahogany brown, black and burgundy red.

Boston's singles go for \$1,000 while the tandems start at \$1,600. He has built a bike with a 29-inch seat tube for a 6'9" man and one with a 16½-inch tube for a 4'11" woman. "I love to solve problems," he says. "I would get bored without them."

Boston worked as a chemical lab technician for Du Pont, then spent four years in the Navy as a quality assurance inspector of jet engines before returning to Du Pont. While at sea on an aircraft carrier, he was often seen riding a Japanese unicycle on deck. When he went home to Swedesboro, he bought an English Holdsworth bike, at the time considered by many to be the best on the market. Boston decided he could build something better. He went to England to learn his trade from small builders, because "I wasn't going to become a big manufacturer." Excellence has always been more important to Boston than affluence. Now he builds about 50 cycles a year and, much like any other artist, feels that every one still belongs to him long after it has left his shop. Because Boston always has a backlog of orders, his customers, who often become his friends, frequently wait six months for their bikes. What he likes to see most is a happy pair "riding off into the sunset" on one of his tandems. One couple had their wedding picture taken on their new tandem last year.

"I don't give anybody a bill until the bike has been tested by the customer," he says. "They ride for a mile and come back with that big grin on their faces. It is almost better than the money."

END



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SCORECARD

Edited by RON REID

LAST CHANCE?

Quarterback Joe Gilliam, once arrested for cocaine possession and also hospitalized for methadone treatment of heroin withdrawal, is being given another crack at pro football. Coach Hank Stram of the New Orleans Saints has invited Gilliam to join the club when the players report to training camp in July.

"There is no question he is a very talented player," Stram said of Gilliam. "There also is no question he has a problem. From what we understand, he is totally free of the drug problem. It's not my responsibility to judge or condemn; it's my job to get people to help us achieve our goals and ambitions. If Joe can help us, it's going to be a happy marriage."

Stram said he had checked with the Nashville district attorney's office, "where Joe had his troubles," and found that Gilliam is free of obligations there.

Without mentioning Gilliam's former team, Stram also took a shot at the Pittsburgh Steelers.

"When Joe was with us the last time," Stram said, referring to last summer, "we were totally unaware what his problem was. Why? Only because people were not honest with us when we made inquiries. We certainly thought people associated with a player on their team would know the problem. It's obvious they outright lied about what the situation was. So we took Joe without knowing the problem and Joe didn't admit he had one. The encouraging thing now is that he openly admits it. Maybe he will not be able to accept the challenge that lies ahead. Time will tell. The only thing we are doing is providing him with the opportunity. The kid needs help. If he loses the opportunity to play football, a human life will be destroyed."

ORIGIN OF A SPECIES

Herb Dana died recently in Oakland, Calif., at the age of 78, leaving a legacy for all football officials. In the early 20s, the former head of Pacific Coast Con-

ference referees designed the black-and-white vertical-striped shirt so that officials wouldn't be confused with players.

At the time, so the legend goes, Dana's stripes were ridiculed because they were reminiscent of the horizontal stripes on prison uniforms. It is now considered demigrating for prison inmates to wear identifying "zebras," but for football officials the stripes remain a solid idea.

AMY I?@7&! FOR TENNIS?

The National Endowment for the Humanities earned the "Fleece Award" last week from Senator William Proxmire (Dem., Wis.). The dubious honor was bestowed on the organization for awarding a \$2,500 federal grant for a study of why people are rude on tennis courts. The federal funds were given to Arlington County, Va., which wanted to determine why some players hog the courts and why others become frustrated when they have to wait. The study involved hiring a professor of ethics and philosophy and a professor of sociology as consultants. A survey of some 300 players on their attitudes toward local tennis regulations was also mandated.

Said Proxmire, in something of a non sequitur, "By watching the Nastase or Bob Hewitt throw their tantrums on national television, taxpayers could have saved the expense."

WIN, PLACE, SHOW AND TELL

For years Arlene Tabor tried to get her fifth-grade special-education students at the Cochran School in Louisville involved in their studies. She brought insects, chickens and rabbits to class, but the students, predominantly inner-city kids with learning and behavioral problems, failed to respond.

Then, Mrs. Tabor hit upon a natural for Bluegrass Country. She took the class to Churchill Downs and to several horse shows. When the school had its Career Day last year, none other than race caller Robin Burris from the local harness track showed up with an armful of col-

oring books published by the U.S. Trotting Association. Inspired, the students voted unanimously on the site of their next field trip: Louisville Downs.

The night the class went to the races a pacer named Mushroom Steve broke stride during a race, finished dead last and was loudly booed by the crowd. The kids were angry and rallied to Steve's defense. "They identified with him," says Mrs. Tabor. As 13-year-old Vance Butler said, "Ever since I've been in school, people have been going past me."

The next day the students decided to adopt the pacer as their mascot and formed a 4-H club, the Friends of Mushroom Steve. Mrs. Tabor knew she had a winner. She began to structure her cours-



es around the harness horse: designing new textbooks, such as *Mushroom Math* and *Stable from Steve*. She put a picture of Steve on the bulletin board and used it as a visual aid to tell the story of Lew Williams, a successful black harness driver. "For the first time," says Mrs. Tabor, "the students are learning to relate to people and voluntarily reading their textbooks. But no tip sheets. At least not yet."

ON TOP DOWN UNDER

Ask an Australian to name his favorite American and he will almost certainly not say Jimmy Carter, Muhammad Ali or Barbra Streisand. The more likely choice will be Manfred Moore

(continued)

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Yes, Manfred Moore, a 26-year-old native of Martinez, Calif., who has been in Australia only since late February. In these few months, however, Moore has become a household word in New South Wales and Queensland. He is the first U.S. pro football player to compete in Rugby League football in Australia and he has taken the game by storm.

A 6-foot 200-pounder, Moore was a substitute running back for the Oakland Raiders in this year's Super Bowl. Moore was acquired from Tampa Bay at the end of the regular season after two years with San Francisco. Before that he played for USC and appeared in two Rose Bowls. Moore got to Australia—and the New South Wales Jets—through the auspices of three Aussie coaches who have won NFL games for several years, hoping to find a prospect who would play their game.

Moore's success could inspire other U.S. football players. He is earning about \$15,000 for the 16-week season, not an American superstar salary but not bad by Aussie standards. He has fit in well with the Jets. He scored the team's first try (touchdown), his defense has astonished the fans and his mere presence has boosted Jets attendance by as much as 100% at some games.

It was not easy for Moore to adapt to Rugby League, however. It is a brutal sport. Rules prohibit helmets or padding, and blocking (known as "shepherding") is prohibited. The ballcarrier can be tackled by the entire 13-man opposing team and his teammates can do nothing to protect him—except to stand nearby for a lateral. Forward passes are forbidden. All 13 players are required to play the entire 80-minute game, although there are two substitutes in case of injury to a starter.

So far Moore has been unharmed, although he wrote in his Sydney newspaper column (his celebrity has already earned him this prize) that it would be wise to at least consider the use of some padding in the game.

League officials and coaches have not responded favorably to Moore's suggestion, but they are so impressed with his play that plans are afoot to pad rosters with more U.S. players next season.

ALUMNI DUES

George Brett of the Kansas City Royals acquired much of his learning and baseball skills at the same place—El Segundo (Calif.) High School. Robert Kingston was El Segundo's vice-principal in

Brett's day. Kingston also has a long memory, a puckish sense of humor and a flair for the put-on.

In a recent letter to the All-Star third baseman, Kingston wrote, "Our policy is to collect outstanding debts. And since you left school owing six hours' detention time, these six hours (with interest) have multiplied into 1,472 hours."

In seeking repayment of the invented debt, Kingston gave Brett an out: "You may serve your detention during the off-season or send an autographed picture of yourself to Master Bradley Kingston. Your prompt attention to this matter will be greatly appreciated." In a postscript, Kingston added, "Have a super year, George. O.K."

Said Brett: "If he says I owe the hours, I owe 'em. I never could get by with anything at that school."

The picture is on its way.

WIFEOUT

Before the collegiate baseball season began, Western New Mexico University was one of the favorites for the Rocky Mountain Athletic Conference championship. Among the Mustangs' 15 returning lettermen were all eight starters and the entire pitching staff. But instead of a conference title, the Mustangs finished with a perfect season in reverse—no wins and 30 losses.

WNMU disintegrated before its first outing of play when most of the starters transferred to other schools, sat out the season waiting to transfer or simply abandoned baseball. Many of the players lacked faith in Coach Jim Walker, who is primarily WNMU's football coach and had never coached baseball on the college level before last year, when his record was 9-23. Three days before the opening game, the Mustangs' roster included two lettermen—not 15—out of a total of seven players.

Walker solved the manpower problem by transferring a handful of athletes, including a left-handed shortstop named Dave McAtee, from the gridiron to the diamond. The Mustangs then lost their opener to Texas El Paso 22-0, as McAtee committed five errors. Understandably, he too quit the team after that game.

In all, WNMU was shut out 16 times and outscored 376-46. Worst was a 27-0 loss to Northern Arizona; best was a 1-0 loss to Eastern Arizona. The team did have a few bright spots. Catcher Kevin

O'Neill hit .375 and is up for all-conference, the Mustangs stole 29 bases in 34 attempts, and Ron Kamowski, who doubles as the school's sports information coordinator, hit .274.

Just before the season ended, Walker told the team, "Men, 20 years from now I hope you don't remember I was your coach because I'm sure going to forget you were my players."

IDENTITY CRISIS

Within the boundaries of Columbus, Ohio, no one is better known than Woody Hayes, the Ohio State football coach. Or is he?

When Hayes tried to borrow a book at the William Oxley Thompson Memorial Library he was turned down because he didn't have his university ID card with him. In such cases, the library runs a computer check to verify an individual's eligibility to borrow books.

But when a librarian, who did not recognize Hayes, asked his name, Hayes gave Woody as his first name rather than Wayne, which is the name stored in the computer. No Woody, no book.

Library spokesman Charles R. Mason, in a statement reminiscent of one of Hayes', said, "Rules are there and they're there to be followed. You just don't want to give a book away unless the person has the proper ID. People should carry their ID cards and then they wouldn't have any problems."

THEY SAID IT

● Charley Pell, the new football coach at Clemson University: "I demand just one thing from Clemson players and that is attitude. I want them to think as positive as the 85-year-old man who married a 25-year-old woman and ordered a five bedroom house near an elementary school."

● Walter F. Mondale, Vice-President of the U.S., on why he decided not to go out for the football team at the University of Minnesota: "I was in a lot of sports in high school. But when I went to a football practice and saw the size of some of those people, I went out for the debate team. I've been openmouthed ever since."

● Eddie Einhorn, president of TVS, on televising soccer, which has no timeouts for commercials: "We have to hope that when the ball is kicked out of bounds, it gets lost under a seat for more than 15 seconds."

END

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THEY RUINED THE BRUINS

With an awesome display of one-upmanship, the glittering Montreal Canadiens left Boston in tatters as they scored their second straight sweep in the final round of the Stanley Cup
by Peter Gammons



Ken Dryden had an aazy time in the Montreal nets, allowing only six goals, thanks to tough checking by Canadiens like Doug Jarvis (21)

Name your game, baby, and the Montreal Canadiens will beat you. If you want to play hockey on the pond, the Canadiens will outskate you. If you want to play it on the docks, the Canadiens will outslug you. And if all you want to

do is sit at home and play Blue Line Hockey, General Manager Sam Pollock and Coach Scotty Bowman will show up in your living room with loaded dice. "Any way the other team wants to play the game, we can play that way, too,"

continued



Lafleur personally beat the Bruins in Boston

says Montreal Defenseman Serge Savard.

The Boston Bruins certainly learned this the hard way last week during the Stanley Cup finals. Outskated 7-3 in Game One, the Bruins were outslugged 3-0 in Game Two Tuesday night at the Forum. Vowing revenge for the manhandlings suffered by his teammates, Bruin roughneck John Wensink predicted before Game Three that Montreal star "Guy Lafleur won't get out of Boston Garden alive." Blithely skating away from Boston checkers, particularly the overmatched Wensink, Lafleur not only escaped with his life Thursday night, but he also scored two goals and nearly set up the other two in Montreal's 4-2 victory. "Guy really played scared, eh?" said linemate Steve Shutt.

Trailling the series three games to none, the Bruins were reeling now, and Lafleur personally applied the coup de grâce Saturday night in Boston. Early in the second period Lafleur fed linemate Jacques Lemaire for the goal that tied the score at one, and it remained that way through the end of the regulation 60 minutes as both teams forgot about brawling and played excellent pure hockey.

But Lafleur has plans for a holiday on the French Riviera, and once the sudden death began it was obvious that he did not want the Bruins to delay the start of his vacation. The Canadiens pinned the Bruins deep in their own end, and suddenly there was Lafleur skating down

a wobbling puck along the end boards behind Boston Goaltender Gerry Cheevers.

In less time than it takes a Frenchman to say *Les Canadiens Sont Là*, Lafleur spotted the ubiquitous Lemaire alone in the corner of the goal crease, flattened the rolling puck by covering it with the blade of his stick, then adroitly slid it to the uncovered Lemaire. *Flick!* The puck was past Cheevers and into the net, and the Canadiens had a four-game sweep of the cup final. Pass the champagne, *c'est vous plait*.

"Any excuses we could come up with would be bull," said Boston Captain Wayne Cashman. "It all came down to one thing. The Canadiens are so bleeping good!"

But just how good are these Canadiens? Starting with the training-camp exhibitions, they played 104 games in eight months and lost only 10. Over one 14-week period they lost only one of 41 games. They finished the 80-game regular schedule with an NHL record of 60 victories, a record of only eight defeats and a record of 132 points. In 94 regular season and playoff games they outscored the opposition 440 goals to 194. They had the leading goal scorer (Shutt), the leading point maker (Lafleur) and the best goaltending tandem (Ken Dryden and Bunny Larocque). They have swept the last two finals, and their two-year playoff record is a remarkable 24-3—they lost only to the New York Islanders, twice this season and once a year ago. But are these Canadiens better than any of the 1956 through 1960 Montreal teams that won five straight Stanley Cups?

"It's impossible to rate teams from different eras because you're talking about the old NHL with six teams and the new NHL with 18 teams," says Tom Johnson, who played defense for the 1956-60 Montreal clubs and now is the Bruins' assistant general manager. "However, this Canadian team has no center as good as Jean Beliveau, no winger as good as Maurice Richard, no one defenseman as good as Doug Harvey, no one goaltender as good as Jacques Plante. But this Canadian team has other things that we didn't have, like great depth and balance. It has every element a team needs, and it's the hardest-working, best-checking great team I've ever seen."

Bowman agrees with at least the last part of Johnson's assessment. "We're a unique blend of superstars and workers," he says. "If you took the 18 most tal-

ented players in the NHL and put them on the same team, they could not accomplish what we accomplished as a team this year."

The Canadiens demonstrated throughout the Boston series that they indeed possess marvelous and diversified talents. They did not need to resort to highlight films to get this message across to the Bruins: either, just half a dozen picture postcards with stylized inscriptions:

- Boston's Terry O'Reilly crashing into the boards while his target, Montreal Winger Bob Gainey, speeds on, one step ahead of trouble. "We just never could catch them!" said O'Reilly.

- Montreal's Doug Riseborough, a third-line center, standing alone in front of Cheevers and scoring the clinching second goal in Game Two. "Someone said this was going to be a series of *Rolls-Royces* against *Jeeps*," said Boston Coach Don Cherry, "but twice now we've been beaten by their *Jeeps*."

- Montreal Defenseman Larry Robinson and Savard and Guy Lapointe standing menacingly in front of Dryden, their sticks reaching from one side of the rink to the other. "Our game is to muck around the net and hack at rebounds," said Cashman, "but with those big defense-men, we never got close."

- Montreal's Gainey, the best defensive forward in hockey, relentlessly back-checking Boston Wing Bobby Schumatz and deflecting Schumatz' shot out of the rink. "They're the best-checking team in history," said Schumatz, "and Gainey's the key to it all."

- Bowman, obviously sensing the impending fistfights, sending his SWAT bunch onto the ice for the final moments of Game Two. Robinson (6' 3", 210 pounds) and Bill Nyrop (6' 2", 209) on defense, with Pierre Bouchard (6' 2", 202), Rick Chartraw (6' 2", 210) and Yvon Lambert (6' 1", 195) as a makeshift forward line. "People used to say, 'Hit the Canadiens and you'll beat them,'" Bouchard said, "but now we're the biggest team in hockey."

- Lafleur circling, spinning and firing a backhand past Cheevers, making a mockery of the Boston Garden banner that read JOHN WENSINK EATS FROGS. "Guy Lafleur is the best in the world," said Shutt.

Maybe he is, but until the series moved to Boston, Lafleur played only a minor supporting role in the Canadiens' two victories at the Forum. In fact, the Bos-

son checkers so hounded Lafleur that he was unable to unleash a single shot on Cheevers in either game, although he did assist on three of Montreal's 10 goals.

Having lost the opening game, the Bruins were desperate for a win in Game Two, and for 25 minutes they totally dominated the Canadiens, outshooting them 11-3 and, over one stretch, not allowing Montreal a shot at Cheevers for 22 minutes. "We played as well as we could play," Cherry said. But it was not well enough. Robinson, Savard and Lapointe deflected shots, cleared rebounds and removed cruising Bruins with solid body checks. "They're the key," Cherry said. "They could make Washington a contender." Waterbug Center Doug Jarvis pestered Boston Center Jean Ratelle with his eyeball-to-eyeball checking, and embarrassed Ratelle on faceoffs almost as badly as Ratelle had embarrassed Philadelphia's Bobby Clarke in the semifinals. For all their early domination in this game, the Bruins had few good chances at Dryden, and they failed to score. Then the opportunistic Canadiens struck for two goals in five minutes midway through the second period and took control of the game.

Unfortunately, Referee Ron Wicks never had any control of the proceedings, and in the end the game got out of hand. But the muscular Canadiens handled that, too. Lafleur and Boston Defenseman Mike Milbury had feuded all night. In the first period Milbury's stick accidentally caught Lafleur in the back of the head, prompting cries of outrage from the Montreal crowd, which considers Lafleur a god and reacts with loud vocal protests if he is even touched by an opponent. In the second period Lafleur swung his stick at Milbury after being held by him. In the third period, Lafleur, skating against Milbury one-on-one, fired a shot that hit Milbury on the hip. Cheevers charged out of his net and skated at Lafleur, contending that Lafleur had intentionally shot the puck at Milbury. "You're too good for that sort of thing," Cheevers screamed at Lafleur.

Milbury instantly became a marked man for Lafleur's bodyguards. In the closing moments Bouchard went far out of his way to charge the unsuspecting Milbury and knock him down, and a brawl erupted. For his part in the melee, Milbury was given a game-misconduct penalty with just 13 seconds to play, and because it was his second such penalty

of the playoffs, he would have to sit out Game Three with a suspension.

If the Bruins thought they could intimidate Montreal with physical violence, the Canadiens put the notion to rest by handcuffing most of the Boston brawlers during the fracas. Boston emerged with only one winner: 5'8", 175-pound rookie Stan Jonathan, who kept the brawny Robinson in a headlock for several minutes. "It was silly of them to think they could intimidate us," said Savard. Nevertheless, it was then that Wensink boasted, "Lafleur won't get out of Boston Garden alive," adding, "I'll cut the Canadiens' ears off."

Lafleur didn't let such talk bother him. "I was a little concerned about all those threats," he said, "but I wasn't really worried." He scored the first goal and helped set up the next two as Montreal erupted for three power-play scores and a 3-0 lead after the first period in Game Three, then scored the fourth goal himself. And

Wensink? When the Boston crowd chanted for Wensink in the second period, the Montreal bench broke up in laughter. When Wensink did take to the ice, Lafleur took the puck away from him the first two times he touched it.

Lafleur's play that night, and his subsequent performance in the final game, left even the vanquished Bruins singing his praise. "I don't know how to describe this guy except to say he reminds me of a guy we used to have—Bobby Orr," said Cashman. "He's the class of hockey, the best player in the world, and with guys like him—like Bobby—when things are tough, they just take it in stride and turn it on. He showed all of us what he's made of. I'm disappointed he was able to do it against us, but I think of all the teams that tried to stop Bobby when the pressure was high, and I've got to say to myself, 'What the hell, the guy's the greatest there is, so what are we supposed to do about it?'"

END

Clarence Campbell passes the cup to interim Captain Savard and injured Captain Yvan Cournoyer



L.A. COULDN'T MOVE THE MOUNTAIN

And for that matter, the Lakers couldn't handle Bill Walton's Portland teammates either, the speedier, deeper, better-balanced Blazers swarming over Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and stunning Los Angeles in four games by Curry Kirkpatrick

In the years to come it surely will be remembered as the Mountain Man Jam or the V (for Vegetarian) Bomb or the Sky-Is-Falling-Redbeard-Autographed-Screamer. Something like that. But before the explosive dunk shot that Bill Walton put in Kareem Abdul-Jabbar's face—the one he threw right down there in the famous goggles—before that moment becomes blown out of proportion, let us consider what it was not.

It was not a signal that a new president of the UCLA Alumni Pivotsmen's Association had been chosen. It was not a sign of quick and absolute victory in this new mano a mano duel. Possibly it wasn't even the decisive play in the Portland Trail Blazers' stunning 4-love defeat of the Los Angeles Lakers in the NBA Western Conference championship. What the shot did was proclaim to the world that Bill Walton has finally arrived on the same plateau as Abdul-Jabbar; that his classically balanced passing and rebounding, his quick shots and outlet bullets, his savage defense and intelligent command of all phases of the game are more than enough to match his adversary's greater offensive powers. The play showed that pro basketball has a brand-new Russell-Chamberlain rivalry to savor.

The manner in which wave upon wave of Trail Blazers galloped past the Lakers—as if, L.A. Coach Jerry West observed, "a shoemaker had nailed us to the floor"—made any extended comparisons of play in the middle invalid. But Walton's singular brilliance in the series obviously dictated that the Lakers, who somehow won 53 games during the regular season, were not about to play that one on five game of theirs all the way to the NBA championship.

Both centers went to great, silent lengths to avoid talking about each other. Walton did say, "It's no big deal. . . . I'm excited. As Kareem gets older, he gets smarter. Physically he's in his prime. I think he's playing the best of his life."

And Abdul-Jabbar said, "Walton believes in his talent. He tests his skill rather than using muscle to hang on me. It's

a challenge to play against a guy this good, on a level above what I go through most nights. It's not so much even winning. It's expressing yourself."

After the Blazers had shocked the Lakers by winning the first two games of the series at the occasionally Fabulous Forum in L.A., the situation in Portland was this: 9:10 left in Game Three, Los Angeles ahead 81-77. Frustrated because his 70 points in the two L.A. defeats had been to no avail, Abdul-Jabbar had turned passer and defender. As a result, Walton had been held to eight points. But in the next 5:18, his eyes glazed and raging as if somebody had spiked his kumquat juice with kerosene, the Mountain Man scored seven baskets. He banked, he tipped. He soared, he stuffed. He hooked right, he hooked left. After this reign of terror had subsided, Portland had the lead, 93-84, and eventually the game, 102-97.

In the middle of all of this came the play which approximately 78 billion Oregonians and their grandchildren will swear they witnessed long after Walton's red beard is down to his toes. Maurice Lucas started it by missing a jump shot, which he rebounded and threw out to Walton in the foul circle. Walton paused, roared down the lane and flung himself into the air. Abdul-Jabbar went up to meet him somewhere north of reality, where few mortals dare to tread.

Boom! A mountain symphony. Incredibly, all of us survived.

After the smoke had cleared, there was Walton waving his fist at Lucas and flashing that peculiar manic grin. There was Abdul-Jabbar looking around at the scoreboard, the referee, the bench. Anywhere for some help. And everywhere but at Walton.

"I wish I had been on the bench, not in the game," said Portland's Herm Gilliam of the moment. "I wanted to jump up, do spin-arounds, do handstands. [Bill] got that look that says he's handling the case. That look is scary."

In all fairness to Abdul-Jabbar, he had spent the better part of three games—and would spend yet one more—exhaust-

ing himself by bounding up and down and all over the court attempting to deflect the rafter heaves of Lucas as well as those of greyhounds Lionel Hollins and Johnny Davis, who had slithered through or simply zipped around the pitiful Lak-



er backcourt defenders. When Abdul-Jabbar ran down, Portland would counter his weakened offensive efforts by placing Walton in front of him, Lucas behind him and two or three or 15 other Blazers swarming around him on all sides.

On his own, Walton forced Abdul-Jabbar to set up three or four feet farther out than he likes. He also overplayed the dreaded sky hook from the left so well that Kareem made only about a half dozen hooks in the lane—his bread and butter—during the whole series.



"I don't think anybody has ever played Kareem as well as Bill Walton," Portland Coach Jack Ramsay said. "Within a team defense," he quickly added. "With a little help from his friends," he meant.

It is not demeaning the Portland sweep—if you are scoring, the scores were 121-109, 99-97, 102-97, 105-101—so mention that the situation might have been different had Los Angeles come equipped with a healthy Kermit Washington, the powerful forward who missed the entire playoffs, and Lucius Allen. In the series Lucas destroyed Laker Don Ford in points (92-41) and rebounds (47-11) while the Blazer backcourt took advantage of Allen's immobility (because of a dislocated toe he played sparingly in only the last two games) to run wind sprints past the Laker guards.

As his team's marvelous season dwindled down to its tragic climax, West became touchy any time the Abdul-Jabbar/Walton comparison was brought up. "Excluding the big guys, would you want our 11 or their 11?" West demanded. "I have to feel sorry for Kareem. It's a terrible burden we put on him."

Which is to say that Abdul-Jabbar received nowhere near the support Walton enjoyed. Jazzy Cazzie Russell shot a bluesy 24 for 62, or 39%. After scoring 32 points in the opener, swingman Earl Tatum died with 23 in the next three games, including a new record for Pacific Coast airballs. And defensive "stopper" Don Chaney seemed to stop himself, frequently by looking bewildered, as if he wished somebody would please tell him which way Hollins and Davis went and when they were coming back.

The quicksilver Davis, a rookie filling in for the injured Dave Twardzik, combined with Hollins for 45 points in Game One and 39 in Game Four. In Game Two the veteran Giffman (known to his mates as Trickett) hurled in some unlikely grenades, among which was one outrageous, off-balance, high-kicking bunk shot that barely made it over Abdul-Jabbar's fingertips to win the game. "Give 'em some tricks, Trickett," his teammates kept yelling.

Though Abdul-Jabbar outshone Walton statistically—121-77 in points, 64-59 in rebounds, 15-9 in blocked shots as well as 61% to 50% shooting—Wal-

ton seemed to control every key rebound, throw every smart pass and convert every bug play his team needed. Has 23 assists befitted a center who is already a legend as a passer.

In Game One Walton outscored his rival 9-2 in the first quarter and outplayed him in the first half when Portland rushed to a 61-43 lead that buried the Lakers.

In Game Two, Abdul-Jabbar scored 40 points to Walton's 14, but each had 17 rebounds and Walton had the biggest of those after he had forced Abdul-Jabbar's tying-basket attempt in the final five seconds to be a fallaway moonball jumper rather than a sky hook.

In Game Three, Walton's five minutes of unrestrained havoc may soon be made into a major motion picture starring Bruce Jenner. The next day Abdul-Jabbar said, "I know Bill is enjoying this. It's not Amsterdam Avenue back on the playgrounds, but if he jams a couple I got to get the baskets back, so I dunk. I like the way the Blazers play. They should be national champs."

In Game Four last Friday night some brutal pounding inside resulted in Walton forcing Abdul-Jabbar to the bench with his fourth and fifth fouls late in the third quarter. Los Angeles was ahead by three points when Kareem had to sit down. By the time he returned, Portland was ahead by six. The series was over.

Though Abdul-Jabbar rallied the Lakers to within two points while battling away everything the Blazers challenged him with inside, Portland won the final game the way it had won the others—by doing the important little things that quick people get away with against slow people.

At the end Walton was not quick enough to get to Abdul-Jabbar as the Laker center rushed from the floor through the howling mob. The two combatants had sought each other out and firmly grasped hands following each game. Now, Walton encountered West instead.

It was Lucas who said, "Jabbar would never give up. He's the most respected player in the league because he never bows his head. Such great inner strength! You may beat his team but you never beat him."

As he embraced West and jabbed the air in the direction of the departing Abdul-Jabbar, Bill Walton understood that better than anybody in Portland. **END**

Abdul-Jabbar outscored Walton in the series but Walton made the big shots that counted most

TEACHING THEM A LESSON IN TIMING

Ex-school principal Tom Sneva waited until it counted to break the 200-mph mark at Indianapolis **by Sam Moses**

There are always two separate and disparate races at Indianapolis during May: one for the checkered flag and one for the pole position. But this year there was a third race, one for history. Ever since Johnny Rutherford went 199.071 mph in 1973, Indy fans have been lusty for a 200-mph lap. Rule changes in 1974 set back speeds—although not progress—but now technology has finally, officially, caught 200. Tom Sneva, a 28-year-old former junior-high school principal, driving a Roger Penske McLaren, made history and won the pole position for this year's Indy 500 with one qualifying lap of 200.535 mph and a record four-lap average of 198.634.

So far, five men have cracked the 200-mph barrier, but it is appropriate that Sneva's 200 is the one that counts the most, for he paid the most for it. He had come within one turn of reaching 200 last Friday, the final day of practice before qualifying. He had clocked off a lap at 199.9 and was going for 200—and making 201, he reckons—on the next lap, when he spun coming out of Turn Four, nicked the outside wall and slid 450 feet down the track. His crew worked 12 nonstop hours, past midnight, to repair Sneva's car, and on Saturday morning he went back out and got what he was after.

It's a little fuzzy who will get credit for first exceeding 200. Gordon Johncock went 200 during tire tests in March, but that was recorded by stop watches, not electric timers. Mario Andretti, A. J. Foyt



and Rutherford, the 1976 winner, all hit 200 during practice last week. Because Andretti was first, he got the history-maker treatment at that moment.

Wednesday had been a hot, sultry day. There were about 25,000 spectators in the stands behind pit row, contentedly drinking beer in the sun, but eager for some excitement. During the last, frenetic hour of practice, the time when drivers prefer to run because temperatures drop and their engines produce more power, Foyt hit 199.956 in his Coyote-Foyt. That was all it took to cock the crowd, which created a duel for 200 between Foyt and Andretti—whether Foyt and Andretti wanted a duel or not.

Andretti was on the track as Foyt came in to change a spark plug. His back to the track, Foyt twisted the plug wrench expressionlessly when Andretti's car howled by. As the public-address announcer said, with anticipation causing his voice to rise, "We've got a good one on Mario, 199.978," Foyt didn't but an

eye; he just kept twisting the wrench. Forty-five seconds later, Andretti howled by again. "Here it is!" shouted the announcer, drawing a whoop from the crowd. "On that lap Mario Andretti just went 200.311!" Foyt may have flinched inwardly but he never changed his expression, never revealed a hint of disappointment, never paused, just kept twisting.

Andretti came in, was mobbed as if he had just won the 500 and was whisked away for interviews. Foyt went out on the track, cut a 200.177 with two minutes remaining in the practice session, pulled back into the pits, went directly to his garage and closed the doors behind him.

Said Andretti afterward: "I was going for 200, make no bones about it, but by the same token I wasn't going to scramble to race Foyt for it. If it was going to come, it was going to come in my own good time."

But the crowd would never have let Andretti, or Foyt, ignore 200, their

cheers, as much as anything, encouraged the drivers to go for it. "It's like an auction," said Jim McGee, Andrelli's crew chief. "You start bidding, you get carried away by the excitement, and pretty soon you're bidding \$25 for something that's only worth about three bucks."

Tyler Alexander, Rutherford's crew chief on the McLaren team, is not the sort of man to get carried away easily. Alexander runs a tight ship; he kept Rutherford in the garage that afternoon and let Andrelli and Foyt do the bidding. Rutherford got his 200 the next day—200.624, in fact. That evening he had dinner with Andrelli, along with their families. The first thing Rutherford said when they met in a Japanese steak house was, "Whew! You should have told me . . ." And he pounded his heart with his fist. "Yeah," replied Andrelli, "after 198, things really get tight, don't they?"

Two reasons for a 10-mph increase in speeds since last year are a rule change allowing five more inches of turbocharger boost for qualifying, and the resurfacing of the Speedway. But another reason is better equipment: the movement to Cosworth-Ford V-8 engines, begun last year by Parnelli Jones, has spread to the McLaren and Penske teams, which means Rutherford, Sneva and Andrelli. Of the six cars in the first two rows for the 1977 race, only two will be powered by four-cylinder Offy-style engines. Also, there were two new chassis this year: Dan Gurney's successor to the 1972 Eagle, which was one of the most successful Indy cars ever, and the Lightning, by Roman Slobozynsky, the man who designed the 1972 Eagle. Gurney's new car is a gamble; it is narrow for better aerodynamics, and to compensate for the loss of cornering ability inherent in a narrow car, the cockpit is offset to the left, which puts most of the car's weight on the inside of the turns. Pancho Carter qualified the new Eagle on the third row, at 192.452 mph. The fastest Lightning was the one driven by Bobby Unser, who put his on the front row next to Sneva with an average of 197.618 mph.

On Saturday Foyt was the first to qualify—at a disappointing 193.465. But shortly after his run, USAC's tech committee discovered that the popoff valve—a device that limits turbocharger boost

to the regulation pressure level—was cracked, so the stewards allowed him to requalify, since they provide the valves. Foyt's second attempt was only about 1 mph faster than his first and the 194.563 average left him on the inside of the second row. Before Foyt's second chance Al Unser had clocked 195.950 in his Parnelli, completing his run in a cloud of white smoke after a turbocharger seal split; that was good enough for the outside of the front row.

Sneva had qualified early, and his time looked formidable, if not untouchable, to Andrelli and Rutherford. Andrelli had missed the Saturday practice session when his crew discovered a frayed drive belt and spent the morning replacing it. Because the cars' suspensions have to be tuned to the conditions of the track each day, Andrelli was forced to qualify with an untuned and, as it turned out, ill-handling car. The best he could manage was 193.353, which put him on the second row, with national champion Gordon Johncock and Foyt inside him.

Rutherford provided the suspense late in the day. Earlier he had made three laps of a four-lap run at an average of nearly 197 mph; that wasn't fast enough to beat Sneva, so Alexander waved his driver off, planning to try again later in the day when the conditions would be cooler and faster. (Each car is permitted three attempts, if time allows.) The decision was a jaw-dropper: most people thought anyone who would wave off a 197 was plain crazy. But Penske and Andrelli understood the McLaren decision. "You got to gamble," said Penske

"That's the only way you get anywhere in this game." "They're going for the pole," said Andrelli. "That's what competition is all about."

When Rutherford pulled in after his first run, he revealed a problem with his engine: he wasn't getting enough turbocharger boost. So they rolled his backup car into line, and at 5:18 p.m. he attempted to qualify it. The car stalled dead on the warm-up lap. "What's wrong with Rutherford?" a reporter asked. Rutherford coasted to a stop on the track. "His heart stopped," cracked Wally Dallenbach, who had qualified 10th at 189.563. With only 42 minutes remaining and seven cars in line ahead of him to get on the track, Rutherford could see disaster approaching fast.

In a last-gasp attempt to qualify before the 6 p.m. deadline, the McLaren crew sprinted back to their No. 1 car. Time slowly ran out, with Alexander nervously watching it go on his wristwatch and Rutherford sitting on the car, fuming, fidgeting, sighing and cursing the cars in front of him, like a man late for an airplane and caught in a traffic jam. He qualified Sunday at almost the same speed he had waved off the day before—197.325. But he will start 17th in the race behind all those who qualified Saturday.

All week, Alexander had been pool-poohing anything but the 500 itself. "The race is the only thing that counts," he had said over and over again. But the decision to go for the pole cost Rutherford what was a front-row spot. In the end, even the cool Rutherford got caught overbidding.

END

Despite crashing the day before, Sneva's McLaren was the only car to top 200 mph in qualifying





A NIGHT FOR STARS, BOTH BORN AND REBORN

There are phenomena that we are not meant to describe," said Steve Williams the day before the Jamaica Invitational Track and Field Meet. Williams was speaking of the compressed emotion of sprinting, the mysterious uncertainties of adrenaline. But last Friday evening, as traffic jammed all roads for a mile around Kingston's National Stadium and the tropic air became thick with expectation, his words encompassed the wondrous influence a passionate Jamaican crowd—35,000 strong—can have on runners. Two years ago on the stadium's Chevron track, Filbert Bayi broke the world record for the mile in Kingston, almost without intending to. Although there were no world records this time, there were four emotion-lifted races, climaxed by a magnificent 200 meters between Williams and Jamaica's Olympic champion, Don Quarrie.

But for a pair of notable absences, the meet was first-rate. The most worrisome of the nonappearances was that of the 1972 Olympic intermediate-hurdles gold medal winner, John Akii-Bua of Uganda, whose presence would have reassured the world that he has not been swept away in Idi Amin's purge of Akii-Bua's Lango tribe. Ominously, Akii-Bua sent no word at all.

Such was not the case with the absent Alberto Juantorena. Kenya's Mike Boit arrived in Jamaica fresh from running the year's fastest 800 meters, a 1:45.87

The Jamaican Invitational sparked with comebacks and coming-outs end, in the "Super Century," a 100-meter field that eclipsed the Olympics' by Kenny Moore

on a cold, rainy night in Eugene, Ore., to discover that the Cuban Olympic champion had withdrawn. Teammates said he had economics exams. Other spokesmen said he had aggravated an old injury. Finally, a coach admitted Juantorena simply wasn't in condition to contend with Boit.

The other principals in the 800 took the world-record holder's absence with mixed feelings. "If he's pretty sure he'll

lose, what has he to gain?" said Bucknell's Tom McLean. "Besides, it's still a tough field, with Boit and Mark Belger and James Robinson." Belger, a Villanova junior, is a direct, outspoken young man. "It ticks me off," he said. "I expected Mike and Juantorena to have a dynamite race and I wanted to be part of it." Belger then dilated on how the event would develop in Juantorena's absence. "Boit will take it out and hit around 51



After finishing fifth in the 100, hometown hero Don Quarrie ran as ordered and won the 200

seconds for the 400. No faster than 50 flat. Watch McLean. He runs the same as Bolt, not a big kick but a good hard drive over that last 300. If you run 51 for the first 400 no one has a kick. It's just a sustained drive. Me? I'm just in it to break 1:46."

For his part, Bolt revealed something of the delicacy of 800-meter pacing. "I have to hear the time for 200 meters," he said. "If it is 23 seconds, I must quit, for I am already ruined; 24 and I must float and relax; 25 is perfect; 26 and I must go harder. Hearing only the 400 split is too late for an adjustment."

To avoid the added strain of leading the entire race, Bolt persuaded Seymour Newman of Jamaica to set the pace. A friend of Bolt's stationed himself at the 200-meter mark to shout the crucial split. Running easily behind Newman and the fired-up Belger, the Kenyan heard "25.1." "That was fine," Bolt said later. But Newman gradually slowed. The 400 split was 52.4 for Bolt, then in second. Newman eased further on the third turn, and by the time they reached the backstretch the world record was out of reach. Bolt launched his drive and pulled four yards ahead, but Belger quickly got around Newman and pulled up on the lean, flowing Kenyan.

Around the last turn it appeared that the powerfully muscled Belger would run at Bolt. Then, just before the stretch, he abruptly stepped off the track. "My right hamstring cramped on me before the

race," he said later. "The trainer said it would be O.K., but with 120 yards to go I was out of it. Everybody was kicking and I couldn't do anything. So I bailed out." McLean rushed through the gap and held off Newman for second. Bolt's winning time was 1:44.7, 1.2 seconds slower than Jamaica's world record. "I could have gone faster," he said. McLean ran a lifetime best of 1:45.2, Newman 1:45.3 and James Robinson of Berkeley, who had been fastest of all in the stretch, 1:45.9. McLean had the good fortune to cramp after the race was over. Rubbing ice on his left hamstring, he said, "I'm in shock. I've been doing stamina work, laying the foundation for a long season. I've done no real speed work at all."

Ed Moses has. The Olympic 400 hurdles champion had run the 110 highs only twice this season, but blandly predicted that he'd have a shot at winning the event in Kingston. Because Olympic silver and bronze medalists Alejandro Casanas of Cuba and Willie Davenport of Baton Rouge were in the field, such talk seemed inflammatory, no matter how it was said. Yet Davenport, for one, reacted cautiously. "Never underestimate anybody," he said. After Moses had blown by everyone over the last hurdle and won in 1:35, his best ever, Davenport added, "especially Ed Moses."

Back on the track 55 minutes later, Moses won the intermediates in 48.64, a second slower than his world record. Quentin Wheeler and Wes Williams ran smoothly to times of 49.34 and 49.44, but the race needed Akil-Bua. "The last time I saw him was just before he had to leave Montreal because of the African boycott," said Moses. "He left saying, 'Since I won't be here, you better win it.' I told him I was planning on it."

In the 1,500, Bayi returned to a favorite track and to weather similar to that of his native Tanzania. But as he has done so often, the world-record holder took his marks a tired man. He had suffered a three-week siege of malaria following the indoor season and arrived in Jamaica at the end of an exhausting 20-hour trip from Italy. After checking in, he and Tanzanian teammate Suleiman Nyambui wandered down to their hotel's poolside buffet. They sleepily filled their plates while behind them spectacular limbo dancers, some topless, all astonishingly



Williams "truce" everyone else to win the 100

strong and lithe, squirmed beneath flaming poles. Finally Nyambui noticed the entertainers. He and Bayi turned from the lobster and stared—wide-eyed innocents out of Africa.

Tired or not, Bayi is a cunning craftsman. In what he termed "75% condition," he controlled the race almost to the end. Trading off with Nyambui, he kept at the head of the pack, running a slow pace of 61.2 and 2:01.6. Behind him was University of California Irvine's Steve Scott, who was keeping his word. "My coach, Len Miller, made me go down on my knees and promise that I would not take the lead," he said, "at least not for the first 800, like I've done in all my races this year. But I thought the pace would be faster. I was sure I'd be with Bayi when there was a lap to go, but I thought I'd be a lot more tired."

Another surprised runner was England's Steve Ovett, a finalist in the Olympic 800, running a rare, for him, 1,500 as his first race of the year. "The first time you're simply worried and wondering, thinking all the time they're going to leave you," he said. "I ran damn silly tactics, not at all assertive, but the pace let me stay close."

Bayi bolted with 500 meters left and at the gun lap led Nyambui, Paul Cummings of the Tobias Striders, Scott and Ovett. The 1,200-meter time was 2:59.3. Scott got into third on the final bend, just as Ovett began his half-mile's charge. Together they swept past the straining Bayi and sprinted for the finish. Scott won on a good lean. The time for both was 3:39.8. Bayi did 3:39.9.

Scott, who has concentrated on changing
continued

In the 1,500, Scott (center) vowed not to lead early. His kick overcame Ovett (left) and Bayi





Boat got a victory, but he missed Juantorena

ing his style from an erratic jerky action to a more controlled flow, now resembles John Walker in his upright final sprint. Running his tongue over his little blond mustache, he said, "I didn't know Overt was there until the last 15 meters. This is terrific. Now I feel I can kick with anybody." One who shares that view is Bayi, who immediately began pressing for a chance to try different tactics. "He asked me if I'll be running in London next week," said Scott. "I can't. I have school. But just his coming up to me to talk was an honor."

The company in which the vibrating Jamaican crowd felt most honored was that of the sprinters. The 100-meter field was deeper than the Montreal Olympic final, possessing the now-sound Steve Williams and Houston McTeer, Cuba's Silvio Leonard, who had run a hand-timed 9.9 in Guadeloupe the week before, and Penn Relays champion Steve Riddick, back from a quick junkie to Milan. Olympic champion Hasely Crawford was also in the event, which was being called the "Super Century," but he looked paunchy and bored. Crawford is now a sports adviser to the Trinidad gov-

ernment and enjoys the singular honor of having a British West Indies DC-9 named after him. Then there was Quarrie, calm and dignified, so unlike his manic supporters who filled the stadium.

As they were called to their marks, the sprinters performed their familiar routines, shaking out and settling in. "Isn't there always ritual when there's no time for thought?" Williams had said the day before. "When you need some solace? When things are getting out of hand?"

Things had gotten out of Williams' hands when he pulled up with a hamstring injury in the Olympic Trials last June. Yet even after his muscle had healed, he continued to run poorly. "I have been taking care of my education [he will receive his degree in telecommunications and film from San Diego State this week]. I'm trying to bloom late this year, because the World Cup is in September. But I think I'm feeling more competitive, more going-wild competitive."

"If you do a 100 right," he went on, "that 10 seconds seems like 60. It can be like an automobile accident—I've been in a couple—when time switches to slow motion. I remember how it was to come out of the blocks, look up and see those people in front of me at 50 yards and know that I was losing—and I hate to lose—and the sensation rose up, and I couldn't stand it and I had to go. And, at my own decision, I froze those people where they were. My next recollection was being in front and through the tape."

That was how it used to be for Williams. But in his indoor races, he hadn't seen anything but receding blurs. "Then, two weeks ago at Penn, where I was second, I slowed 'em down a little. It might be coming."

In Kingston there was one false start, by Leonard, and as the field returned to the blocks the crowd began to emit a strange high-pitched sound, unlike encouragement, simply a tight-throated wail. The second start was fair, with Crawford and McTeer out first, Leonard last. Williams started well with widely placed steps, his legs not coming parallel until 30 yards. At 50, Crawford, McTeer and Williams seemed abreast. At 80, Williams moved away and won in 10.26 against a five mph head wind. Riddick, came on to take second from McTeer, 10.31 to 10.33. Crawford was fourth in 10.35 and Quarrie fifth in 10.40. Along the rail on the inside, hurdlers Wes Wil-

liams and James King, both San Diego garbage collectors and friends of Williams, turned to each other. "He's back," said King. "He's back," said Williams, and they slapped hands.

Waiting for the 200, Steve Williams lay on the grassy infield. "That race lasted long enough to do everything I had to do," he said. "That is a lovely feeling, to be able to blast again." He thought a moment. "Concededly, vainly, it seems like it was always going to happen. It was a matter of time. I can run. Of course I can. In that light, seeing it unfolding was almost anticlimactic."

He was asked if with a mind that quick, all of life becomes an anticlimax, always anticipated. "Maybe that's not it," he said. "Maybe in that one day last summer, that day of the Trials, I had to bury my feelings so deep. I may never be able to fully exult again, to shout and leap."

Quarrie rested nearby. In the 100, he had started well, then gone flat at 30 yards. A key force behind the meet, he had conducted clinics for local boys and girls the previous day and constantly circulated among the athletes, seeing to travel and housing arrangements. As he lay on the infield, runners still pestered him about expense money. "I just couldn't go when Steve made his move," he said softly. It seemed that there should have been a way he could honorably avoid the 200, his golden race. If Juantorena could be forgiven, why not he? Instead, he spoke with his coach, Leo Davis. "You are going to run the turn," said Davis, his tone allowing no alternative. "You are going to pick up the stagger on every man there by 60 yards. You are going to come off that turn running tall."

And that is exactly what Quarrie did. Williams had four yards to make up in the stretch and got all but four inches of it. Their times were 20.30 and 20.31. For minutes, Quarrie was tumbled about within a wave of screaming fans. "I walked the turn," said a disgusted Williams. "I could have had it." He sidled and shoved his way through the dancing crowd, trying to make his way to Quarrie. Finally Williams reached him, put an arm around him. Quarrie looked up. "I don't know how I did it," he said. "I don't." They stood together an instant and something passed between them and they moved apart, still competitors. Quarrie hadn't been away as long, but he, too, was back.

END

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winging it on the way down

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDY KEECH

Until just recently, parachutists have been using canopies first envisioned by Leonardo da Vinci. But the standard parachute does little more than slow the plummet earthward. Now it is possible to fly as well as fall, thanks to the new "square chutes," which actually are more rectangular than square and more airfoil than parachute. "Bird wings aren't like cups, and that is all conventional parachutes are," says Domina Jalbert, the 72-year-old engineer who created the para-foil. "This design gives a chutist a greater glide ratio, and better directional and lateral stability." The colorful para-foils, which use a ram-air principle to maintain their winglike shape, can be flown at forward speeds up to 30 mph and are so maneuverable that feather-soft pinpoint landings are now the rule rather than the exception. Thus, by modifying da Vinci's concept, Jalbert has realized one of da Vinci's dreams: to allow man to be a pilot as well as a parachutist.



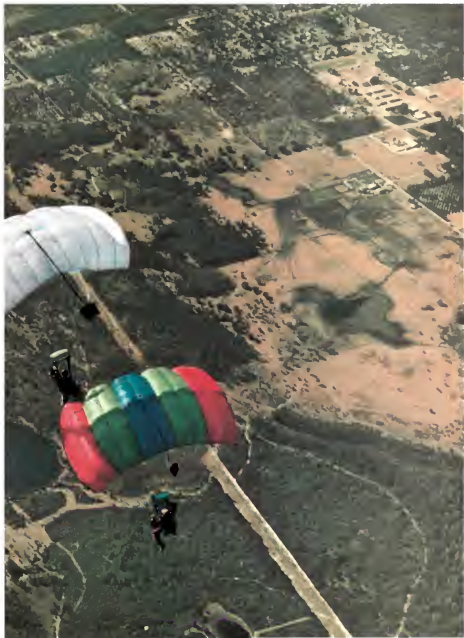


Square chutes are more maneuverable when equipped on either side with "fins," which function much like rudders—if the chutist can keep track of all the lanyards.



The parachutes consist of fabric cells that are open on the leading edge to scoop in air to form and maintain a winglike shape, a design that permits tight formation "flying."







GLORY BE TO MAN FOR



Once each fall he shows up at a sporting club in the Adirondacks for a venison dinner and a game of poker. He always brings along a couple of plastic bags full of smoked trout. The fish are young, sleek trout, and every one of them is bigger than the largest old cannibal the club members catch. The smoked trout weigh a pound and a quarter or a pound and a half each. They are brook trout—native to the northeastern quarter of North America from Georgia to Hudson Bay. Once found weighing as much as 10 and 12 pounds in certain lakes and ponds in more northern waters and in

damn dumb." Anybody can catch them and nobody will catch them without killing them, and so now you can fish a lifetime in the Northeast and never see a brook trout like Flick's.

When the brook trout began to decline around the turn of the century, it seemed as if the new science of fish culture could reverse the trend. But brookies have been raised in hatcheries and stocked in northeastern waters for nearly a century and their numbers are still dwindling. Some waters were lost unintentionally by the introduction of competing species, such as bass and yellow

DAPPLED THINGS

God made a splendidly stippled brook trout, but Bill Flick created a hybrid that lives longer, grows bigger—and, alas, has an equally low IQ by MASON SMITH

smaller sizes in every cool stream, brook trout have now been driven back into little creeks and headwaters and remote ponds, and are very small or very scarce, or both.

The fish that Bill Flick poses around like clam dip are straight out of an old guide's reminiscences. He doesn't brag, but the club members know that these aren't even the big ones. Moreover, they know they come from the next property up the road. The word is that Flick is doing research on brook trout there. Works for Cornell. Whole thing fairly quiet.

Brook trout need research, the poor, dumb, gorgeous things. When Flick got this job with Cornell, he had just spent three years surveying all the Adirondack waters listed as "inaccessible, unseen" in the original New York Biological Survey. Employed by the state conservation department to complete the survey, he had flown and paddled and beat his way into what should have been prime brook trout waters and had not netted a single trout longer than 16 inches. He had rarely seen one that had reached three or four years of age.

The trouble is, brook trout can't stand fishing pressure. Their recklessness makes them unfit for a world with humans much in evidence. Any worm dunker can catch them. Flick says it like a litany. "They're so damn dumb, so

perch. In most of the remaining waters, fish and game commissions gave up on the brookie and established the more skeptical and phlegmatic species of trout, the browns and rainbows. Few recall that there was trophy brook trout fishing on Long Island once, never mind Maine. Fishermen have gradually adjusted their expectations, or have had them adjusted. You might see an article in one of the sportsmen's magazines extolling the early dry-fly fishing in Maine. The author will be pictured with the usual expression of simpléminded blessedness, holding a string of 10 or 20 fish, none more than seven inches long.

If it weren't for the Cornell program, even the place where Bill Flick lives and works would be just another 40-odd square miles of great mountain country, high, pure and well patrolled, its price-less array of sharply differing ponds and streams producing about 100 pounds to the water-acre of perch, bullheads and suckers. Even before Flick it had the best brook trout fishing around, because in a few places you could pull out seven- or eight-inch brookies. Twenty years ago the landowners tried to improve the fishing. They stocked the waters, netted out the weed fish, manipulated the water level to kill the perch eggs, stocked some more—but they had no trout like those Flick brings to the annual poker game.

Trout anglers will recognize that

continued

name—Flick. The son of a famed fly-fisherman and stream conservationist, Art Flick, brought up to hunting and fishing and guiding out of a Catskill mountain lodge, might well turn up doing what is, indubitably, the most important and encouraging brook trout research ever done anywhere. Bill Flick served in the Army, took a B.S. from Cornell and got outdoors again as quickly as he could on the remote-waters survey. Then one day he came home from bushwhacking and found the grass a foot tall, the washing machine broken and his daughters complaining that he didn't know which of them was which, all per usual, plus a phone call to return to college. Dwight Webster, professor of fishery science at Cornell, was proposing that Flick quit the conservation department and become Cornell's resident fishery biologist on this large and beautiful preserve.

The Cornell fish scientists watch for privately owned waters suited to their research. They need wild ponds and streams in which fish populations can be manipulated and the fishing controlled and monitored. Cooperating groups, like the Adirondack League Club, and private landowners large and small agree to these conditions and pay the fish-research costs in the interests of improved fishing and the long-term public benefit of turning the decline of the native brook trout around. If the arrangement seems elitist, the melancholy fact is that no significant populations of wild brook trout have been preserved in New York except in private waters.

Flick lives in a handsome, amber-colored northwoods house with a pine- and poplar-shaded lawn. There are Britanics and beagles and a Labrador in runs out back, a flat-water stretch of river and a horizon of forested mountains in front. Past a gate and down the road there is a complete aquatic biology laboratory and storehouse of gear—nets, scales, outboard motors and refrigerators. Up the road is a dandy new fish hatchery. And in all directions through the high country there are about 20 ponds, all reachable with a moderate amount of jouncing in the Wagoneer through terrain that suggests the Rocky Mountain West. At each pond an Old Town canoe is inverted on racks under a shelter of just the necessary length and width. There are loons, geese, ducks, snipe, otter, beaver, fisher, mink; the deer actually get in the way along the roads.

Continuous research in the wild, in so many waters, with successive generations of trout, is unprecedented. Bureaucratic, political and budgetary pressures are nowhere else so light. The results until now have been published only in scientific journals and offered without fanfare to New York, New England and Canadian provincial fisheries people. But last spring a visitor was given a demonstration of what Flick has been doing.

He was standing on the bank of one of the rearing ponds, which the researchers had made by damming a small, cold tributary of the river. The blackflies felt like a hailnet. The visitor put on citronella but Flick just wiped the flies off his head from time to time. He had taken a one-piece fly rod from the Jeep, pulled line through the guides. He handed the rod to the visitor and said, "Cast anywhere."

The pond was small and murky and too warm, and this was midday and nothing was rising. The fly looked idiotic, jerked along the surface. For a second, The fish was perhaps under two pounds. "Hmms," Flick said. "Cast again." Another pound-and-a-half fish. "Cast again." Another. "Hmms. I thought you might get one of the big ones."

The visitor cast and Flick took off the fish. The point, actually—beyond the little snow job—was to illustrate the differences between wild and domesticated trout and among various strains. Brook trout are all so winsomely colored—their dark lavender-silver-charcoal sides dotted with bright gold flecks and bright red spots circled in blue, their backs camouflaged green-blue-green, their undersides carmine-to-white, their fins clear red, hard-edged with white then black—that the visitor had been theretofore dazzled and had not detected the variegations. Now Flick was draping over his thigh the most brilliantly colored brook trout the visitor had ever seen, an Adirondack strain from Horn Lake, unusually slender, living twice as long as domestics, shy and wild and not so easily caught as most, a good trout to maintain in some Adirondack waters.

Next Flick and his visitor caught specimens of two long-lived, heavy-growing strains from neighboring watersheds in northern Quebec, one very colorful, the other almost pallid. Those from the Temiscamie River had exceptionally large and numerous red spots in very clear halos

of blue, the gold flecks increasing in size and density toward the tail, and pronounced blue green vermiculations along the back. The *Avenica* trout were a pale, silvery, salmonlike and named as the Temiscamies were bright.

Occasionally, among the smaller fish, there was one that Flick identified, by body conformation mainly, as an example of the so-called "domestic" strain. This fish is the result of nearly a century of artificial selection for fast growth, early sexual maturity and survival in the hatchery—bred to come to the dinner table. It has a stockier, less streamlined shape, putting on weight quickly. It picks up normal color when it has been at large a while. But the rest of its performance in the wild is disappointing.

Flick throws in a scoop of feed. Normally this isn't done, but these trout are crowded in the pond pending transfer to another recently reclaimed pond, and they need a supplement. When the feed sinks a couple of feet, the visitor can see the fish that did not bite, shadowy boxing gloves down there, working out on the descending pellets.

The basic pattern of the experiments has been to simultaneously plant fingerlings, two or three populations of different strains, under certain management, fishing and survival conditions, and then, by sample netting every spring and fall, and by a meticulous record of the angling catch and kill, to follow their growth and survival until there is no longer a sample to observe. After lunch on this warm May day, Flick is going to "process" the fish from trap nets that have been set for two days on a 200-acre pond. He will weigh and measure the trout, recording jaw-tag numbers or identifying fin clips, and later will figure out how well the various groups have done.

Flick and his visitor let themselves in the gate, drive the rough, narrow road to the open meadows and high pine barrens, through a 60-year-old pine plantation where the trees are blighted and the worst are being taken out. Numerous shaggy gray deer, recently wading in 30 inches of snow, stand or lie among the piles of pulpwood and pieces of orange or yellow machinery in the shade of the pines. They meet a young woman on a thoroughbred horse. Flick stops the Jeep to converse. The horse swaps ends a few times, tense and slick and dancing. They park in the trees and carry tubs and scales to a flat-bottomed boat. The

continued



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PUNCH AND BEAUTY



surface water of the pond is almost 72°, much warmer than is ideal for this operation. They cross the pond, poke way up an alder-bordered inlet in search of some cold water for the tubs. Flick pushes the pail as deep as he can, upside down, before letting the air out and the cool bottom water in.

They go out to the trap net and haul the apex of it up to the bow of the boat. The net was designed by fish poachers on Oneida Lake. Over a few days, three or four such nets, properly spaced, will take 20% or 30% of the fish even in so large a pond. Cruising fish meet a leader net rigged perpendicular to shore, follow it outward and are led by wing nets through the funnel into the apex cage, or car. Flick removes the stick propping the top and bottom of this space apart, hauls the bottom up, unzips the openings in the top and dips out the trout with a long-handled net.

In 1967 this was a terribly poor trout pond, full of trash fish with only a handful of trout. Now Flick is lading brook trout out of it into the tubs, 130 trout, of all sizes from five to 19 inches, weighing from a 10th of a pound to 2½. There are a few forage fish gilled in the netting. One trout is gilled, too, meaning a tear in the net, so Flick gets out his sewing kit. Not a single perch was in the net.

The change in the pond began with "reclamation." A barrier dam was built on the outlet so that competing species couldn't reinfest the pond. The pond and all its swamps and tributaries were treated with a toxicant that kills all the fish, trash and trout, then breaks down and is dissipated in a few days. Afterward various strains of brook trout were introduced, along with a forage fish, alewives in this experiment. Plantings of domestics, Assinicas, Temiscamies and—the bombshell—a cross between the Assinica and domestic strains, were given an equal start in the freshly reclaimed pond.

Flick and Webster already knew how poorly domestic trout fare in the wild. After the second year, they rapidly disappear, whether fished or not. Domestic trout are best suited for put-and-take. Earlier hybrids produced by crossing the domestic and New York wild strains had not done particularly well. But in Assinica Lake and in the Breadbrook River that connects it with James Bay, brook trout often live seven or eight years and reach 10, even 12 pounds. The Assinica-

domestic cross was made in the hope that the new hybrid would combine longevity with the hatchery-rearing adaptability of the domestics. Perhaps the wild blood would also produce a trout that impetuously gobbles up anything an angler dangles in front of it. It may be an anthropomorphism, but it isn't an exaggeration to call the brook trout "dumb." Even bigger, older brookies aren't wise. There used to be six-pounders in the Rangeley Lakes in Maine but the last one was taken about 1900. Many of the superb lakes from Ontario to Labrador no longer produce big fish. On the Labrador water, Lake Anne Marie, where the fishing-camp operator restricts his guests to killing just one big trout per party, students of Flick and Webster tagged released trout to see how quickly they were recaptured, thus forming an idea of their numbers and IQ. The first summer they tagged 57 trout that averaged four pounds and, while they were still tagging, recaptured 16%. This is with the lightest fishing pressure, over a six-square-mile lake, in a season of less than six weeks. To anyone familiar with tag-and-recapture statistics, the figures are eloquent. Where the trophy trout fishing seems so good, it isn't because the trout are numerous. Flick can't hold it back: "It's because they are so damn dumb."

The Assinica-domestic cross did extremely well. The hybrids outgrew even their wild parents in the new environment and they survived as long. After five years they had produced seven times the poundage of the domestics, 2½ that of the Assinicas. In three years of casual fishing, the yield was 450 pounds, as compared to 48 pounds of domestic, 68 of Assinica and 39 of Temiscamie.

As usual, the domestics had practically disappeared by age three, whereas one fish from the original Assinica strain was last netted at nine-plus years, a record for wild brook trout longevity in New York State. When that fish first matured, most of its domestic contemporaries were dying of old age, at half its weight.

There is a monkey wrench in here somewhere, as might be expected in New York waters, both the Assinicas and the hybrids stop gaining weight at around age four. The 9-year-old, for example, was still just 20 inches long and had fallen back from its probable climax weight of nearly three pounds to just 2½. Why don't at least the pure Assinicas grow

larger, as they do up around James Bay? Flick thinks the solution is to provide the trout with the correct forage fish, but which one, or which ones? He would like to investigate the food supply of the 12-pounders in northern Quebec. But public money is not available for such a project.

Over drinks and a dinner of sweet-and-sour snowshoe hare, Flick sheds some of his scientific circumspection—talking about fisheries people unwilling to get out of their rut and use the available information, do the extra work it takes to maintain wild and hybrid strains.

"We showed them," Flick says. "We showed them. And they never believed half of what we told them, so they made the same studies themselves and got the same results we said they would, and they ignored their results, too. The domestic trout isn't worth a damn. Any way you want to figure it—angling yield, gross production of fish flesh, results per dollar spent, survival longevity, it doesn't make any difference—the wild strains or hybrids are five or six times better than inbred domestics. And yet they go right on stocking primarily the domestics. Because it's easier!" He says "easier" as if that were the most disgusting thing about it.

What might be making Flick accentuate the negative is a thunderstorm that has finally cracked down out of the humid heat of the evening and kept him indoors longer than he intended, cutting into that precious last half hour of daylight. But now he drives again the ranch-road trucks across the burn, through hardwood forests where the deer have the aspect of bums in a city park. He pauses where the road is dug into a steep hillside along Carry Pond, to look down through a space in the foliage and see how much surface feeding is going on.

This is where the brood stock of the pure Assinica strain is maintained. Natural reproduction does not occur in this pond, so the population doesn't go out of control. It is fished, but the fish are all returned. There are many brook trout in here six and seven years old.

The pond is dead quiet. Not a rise. There are the small disturbances of alewives feeding, but not the bigger rags of the trout.

Despite the quiet surface, Flick decides to fish; he wants to catch one of the big Assinicas. We drive on around

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BROOK TROUT *continued*

the hill and down to the end of the pond. Flick lifts the Old Town off the rack while the visitor rigs up.

Flick and his visitor work out of the small outlet bay and onto the body of the 25-acre pond, the deepest in the area, glossy black and still after the rain. It is minutes before Flick spots a rise. He advises the visitor to cast either right or left of the widening circle. The trout are moving when they break the surface and the visitor cannot tell which way this one is going.

The cast falls just outside the ring. The big dorsal and then the big square tail come very slowly out, on an arc toward the fly. When the visitor lifts his rod, the line comes toward him and he observes that apparently the trout did not want the fly. Flick says, "Ummm, I'm not so sure you didn't take that away just a little too soon."

They watch for another ring, and then others. They land trout of two, 2½ pounds, four or five of them, all heavier than brookies normally ever were in the Adirondacks. Flick is disgusted. He says the big ones are just not feeding. The visitor doesn't know what attitude to take. He knows somebody who would sing the Volga boat song over fish like these. Flick says, with mock crudity, "Slap it over there." The dude remembers too late that the center of the widening ring is not the target. "Good cast," Flick growls. "That's exactly where he was."

After a while the visitor takes a look at the little dark wet fly, reports, "The wings and hackle have been chewed off this thing."

Flick: "Dudn' matter. S'perfect. Slap it over there." He is talking around what seems an enjoyable pipe. The visitor lights a cigar. Suddenly Flick starts stroking hard. He says to put on a streamer. The visitor tells him what he has—Grey Ghost, Black Ghost, Hornberg. "Dudn' matter. Put one on. S'perfect." They are going somewhere full bore. The visitor cannot see a rise anywhere. They must be heading for a spring hole or the inlet. Flick is taciturn, grinning around the pipestem. The lighs are nearly out. A Wilson's snipe is plummeting, climbing, plummeting. The mountains are a dark-blue world rim, perfectly reflected in the water. The sky has opened, starry. The obligatory loon is present. Time is certainly going to be too short.

Such fish. After all the human fun-
continued

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1977 Ford Granada. Photographed in Garmisch, Germany.

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Read how German engineers rated both cars after 7 days of testing.

Aerial view of test site in Bavaria, Germany. A Bavarian highway at dawn: drivers await "start" signal from test engineers.



FORD GRANADA

MERCEDES-BENZ 450 SE

Test results.

For 1977, a new Granada was brought to Germany for a scientific ride comparison with a Mercedes-Benz 450 SE (U.S. sticker price: \$20,689*). The Granada was a standard production car equipped with optional 250 CID engine (\$122.) and automatic transmission (\$186.). The testing was conducted by an independent German engineering firm. *Excluding taxes, title, destination charges.

Test 1: Smoothness test.

To test for "riding smoothness" the German engineers drove the Granada and the Mercedes at various speeds over a variety of roads in northern Germany, ranging from cobblestone to smooth highway. Using a sensitive electronic recorder, they measured both cars' interior vibration levels.

Test results: A thorough analysis of the engineers' data showed that in three out of the four test conditions there were "no major differences" in smoothness between the Granada and the Mercedes.



Sleek profile of the 1977 Granada Sports Coupe.

ride. Again, they were compared over a variety of road surfaces in the north and south of Germany, at speeds ranging from 30-55 miles per hour. A sound meter recorded their interior decibel levels on the International dBA scale. The test data was then sorted by computer.

Test results: Analysis of the data from this series showed that in all the tests the Ford Granada consistently rode as quietly as the Mercedes-Benz.

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250 CID-Automatic*	18	23
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bling to grow trout in cement troughs, to find the answer is "go wild." It's an unexpected responsibility, a second chance with which you aren't a bit sure you can do better, as if the singer of *Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home* got her wish.

Two years ago New York's Department of Environmental Conservation began to manage several waters with hybrids and wild strains, and put special angling regulations on some of the ponds so that the fish have a chance to reach large size. The DEC brings tanks of ripe domestic females to the water, strips the eggs from them and fertilizes the eggs with milt from pure Assinica and Temiscamie males. The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service has set aside a fish-culture station to work with wild strains of trout.

All this is very timely, for a new threat to some brook trout populations has been disclosed by aquatic scientists. Acid precipitation, presumably from air pollution at some distant point, has brought about a drastic decrease in alkalinity in some waters in the Northeast. Fortunately, one of the strains of trout Flick and Webster have been working with appears more tolerant to acid waters than domestic strains. In fact, eggs from the Temiscamie strain have been sent to Norway; the Scandinavian countries have experienced grave losses in thousands of lakes because of increased acidity.

But brook trout will never be plentiful or large, even in remote areas, without protection. The fisherman who will not restrict his gear to fly tackle, or at least to artificial lures, who kills everything he catches, who thinks that his license fee is paying for a high limit and a low minimum size, is simply wiping out this panopied trout of the Northeast. Bill Flick and his visitor caught and released 20 big trout that night, in those last few minutes of the gloaming, out of a known population of less than 200.

They were feeding late, on mudges, which were hatching late, too, perhaps because of the storm. The fishermen could see them fin out or nose out, again and again, only a few feet from the canoe, or sometimes making a V or a wake without breaking the surface. Most of the time both men would be playing trout at once. They would hold each fish a moment in the water before letting it go, like a little toy boat on which they were imaginary passengers.

END

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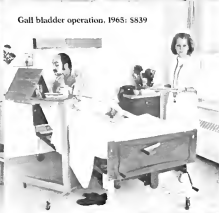
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There's a program available that allows qualified patients to be discharged from the hospital sooner—so they get needed medical service and do more of their recuperating at home, at far less cost.

Under another new program, some surgical patients scheduled for a hospital stay can have lab and X-ray tests done as outpatients. Instead of spending a \$130 day in the hospital waiting for test results, the patient can return home or even go back to work until the results are in.

A third cost-cutting program is encouraging certain kinds of surgery to be performed on an outpatient basis. Getting the patient back home the same day is not only easier on him, it's easier on his pocketbook, too.

Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans are also working with doctors' review committees to help make sure

that the medical care people are getting and paying for is the kind they really need. It's a cooperative effort that's saving us all millions of dollars each year. And we're also working with various planning agencies to help make sure only needed services are available.

What you can do to help.

The closer you watch every health care dollar, the less increase you may have in the rates you pay for health care coverage. Ask for—and use—the cost-cutting programs we've described here.

Because only if doctors and hospitals realize that *you* are as vitally concerned as we are—and they are—will these programs be offered and used on a widespread basis.

You can also help by joining the more than 90 million people who subscribe to not-for-profit Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans. We annually return over ninety cents of every dollar paid in for the health care of our subscribers, and never cancel a single person because of a poor health record.

If you'd like to know more about what we're doing to hold down costs, and what you can do to help, write Box 8008, Chicago, IL 60680 for our free booklet, "How All of Us Can Help Each of Us Hold Down Health Care Costs."

Together, we could change the course of medical history.



All of us helping each of us.

THE INNER LIFE OF A WEALTHY WARRIOR

Behind the guise of Brahmin gentility lurks Peter Fuller, wade-in brawler
by MELVIN MADDUCKS

On the night of Jan. 29, shortly after 10:30 p.m., one millionaire climbed into the ring at Boston's Hynes Auditorium to spar with another millionaire. The first was that slightly bored philanthropist, Muhammad Ali, who was donating his presence. The second millionaire, Peter Davenport Fuller, who was suffering from anything but boredom, had bought almost \$20,000 worth of tickets to distribute for the worthy cause of the evening, the Emma Lewis School of Fine Arts of Roxbury.

As always, Ali looked like an actor superbly impersonating a fighter. The handsome, unmarked face, the years of consecrated ego building, the mystique of being champ—all combined to create a marvelous theatrical illusion that Louisville poor boy Cassius Clay had, in fact, been born to wealth and a special 20th-century breed of aristocracy.



He inherited money and makes money, but Fuller doggedly seeks his one fulfilling moment of combat

In the other corner, Fuller, a Harvard man whose father had been governor of Massachusetts and had left an estate of \$12 million, looked like everybody's idea of a failed club fighter, a supernumerary straight out of *Rocky*. As he did the obligatory shuffle and neck-loosening head wobble, it was hard to believe that here was a man who had belonged to the Algonquin Club; served as state chairman for the American Cancer Society, sat on the boards of Boston College and Bos-

ton University, and bred horses on his 200-acre farm in North Hampton, N.H. (including the most famous last-place horse in history, Dancer's Image, disqualified winner of the 1968 Kentucky Derby). Or that he owned a Cadillac agency that looked more like an elegant art museum, with sculptured ceilings, chandeliers, polished mosaic floors and reproductions of a Rembrandt, a Monet, a Renoir and a Reynolds on the walls.

At 53 years old—outweighed by 43

pounds, outreached by eight inches, mismatched by almost 20 years—what was this broken-nosed Boston Brahmin doing, not only climbing into the ring with The Greatest but looking as if he actually wanted to fight him? For a moment the crowd that had come to see Ali puzzled over how to respond to this mood of, well, war. Then Ali, the clown who

leaves an audience laughing at his straight man, turned the scene into farce with a mock battle speech. "I've never wanted to whip a man so bad as I want to whip this man. Old man, if you so much as dream of laying a hand on me..."

To the Ali-watchers, it all added up. Here was a rich man's ego trip—a fan-

tasy staged by a Walter Mitty who could afford to pay for his own scenario. On the other hand, here was Ali, not about to be outstaged.

After waltzing for a couple of purely rounds—fiercely wishing the air, landing a tender blow now and then—Ali talked to the people maybe four rounds' worth, which may put his priorities these days into fairly accurate perspective. He advised the young to enter college instead of the ring, and he seemed to mean what he said.

The hungry fighter that night was indeed the man born with a silver spoon in his mouth. Fuller speaks a kind of Ivy League English that keeps drifting into street talk, or possibly the other way around. The only speech delivered afterward, in private, went like this: "Hey, baby doll, if I'd known it was going to be like that, I'd have flown down to Florida, gotten a gorgeous tan, lifted a few weights to bulge the muscles and just posed."

Instead, Fuller had trained for almost two months. He was up in the morning during the most grueling of winters, doing roadwork. He ground out sit-ups on a wrestling mat in the basement of his Georgian brick house. He boxed at Vinny's Gym.

It has become the custom to speak casually, drolly about the athletic escapades of middle-aged men. One hears the poised voice of George Plimpton, masterful at self-deprecation. But a middle-aged jock climbing into a ring to compete, not just against a younger man but against his younger self, can play as tragedy as well as comedy.

The story of Peter Fuller begins with a gentleman named Jackie Martin, who was in Fuller's corner against Ali. In the days when Hollywood was making really execrable fight movies, Jackie would have been played by Mickey Rooney. Now 65, he is a former featherweight, round and bouncy with irrepressible hopes, and a mouth born to say, "You can go all the way, kid."

One June day in 1945, Jackie was standing on a corner with a cabdriver

continued

Having missed a shot at Marciano, Fuller fought Ali, and was dismayed when the champ held back.



The triumph of owning a Derby winner was brief when Dancer's Image was dispatched in 1968.

friend near Boston's Copley Square when a figure on a bicycle went tooling past. A T shirt, surrendering to muscle at a ripped seam, revealed arms, shoulders and a torso of the sort Jackie was disposed to admire. But what really filled him with awe, as he recalls it, was The Leg. One khaki pant leg was rolled up to reveal a calf of mythical proportions—17 inches, so he exact.

Jackie hopped in his friend's cab and overtook the bicycle rider, who told him sure, he'd like to be a fighter, why not? He also said his name was Peter Bond.

Shortly before his first fight, he confessed that his name was Fuller. Jackie asked him if he was related to Sammy Fuller, a pretty fair fighter from east Boston. The press knew better, and soon the sports page headlines and stories were full of references to "Ex-Governor's Son," "Slamming Socialist" and "Clout-croesus."

The ordinary fight fan with a sense of what is appropriate expects a blueblood boxer to dance in the style of Gene Tunney—lots of grace, lots of art and sweet science. But from start to finish, Peter Fuller was a wade-in brawler, a body-pounder not too worried about collecting two punches for every gut thump delivered. In fact, he has the sort of face that seems designed for slugging and being slugged: craggy brows, deep-set eyes, high cheekbones, a square jaw that thrusts out to meet the nearest fist. Even before he was a fighter he looked like a fighter.

An opponent who lost a fight to Georges Carpentier by hitting the Orchid Man when he was on his knees protested that the Frenchman had fought from such a low stance it was hard to tell whether he was kneeling or crouching. This was the Fuller style. Fuller was a wrestler before—and after—he became a boxer. Critics with classical standards on both sports said he boxed like a wrestler and wrestled like a boxer.

Doing a little of both, Fuller took his first Boston fight in the presence of Arthur Fiedler and other friends of boxing and of his father, and went on to win the New England Golden Gloves title in 1949. The only other amateur heavyweight in his class around New England was a comer named Rocky Marciano. Students of fighting styles looked forward to a bout between these two attackers.

They were favored to meet in the finals of an elimination tournament organized by Boston's Barnum, Sam Silverman, who was still around to promote the Ali exhibition. But on the way, Marciano was upset by an otherwise forgettable fighter named Bob Girard, whom Fuller then knocked out.

Not long after he won the New England Golden Gloves, Fuller's progress was stopped by Coley Wallace, a formidable puncher perhaps best remembered for playing the title role in *The Joe Louis Story*. By all accounts, Wallace gave his man an awesome beating. But then, Fuller took a beating even when he was winning, so he kept on fighting. In Fuller's scrapbook, there is a stop-motion series from one of his last fights which the Navy heavyweight champion, Don Lee, a southpaw, won on a technical knockout. The photographer caught the loser at the moment those 17-inch calves were letting him down slowly, like collapsing hydraulic lifts.

Fuller's record shows 50 wins in 55 bouts, with 30 knockouts. In all, he fought six years—a long time for an amateur, and an awful lot of fighting for a rich man's son who was indulging a whim. And during most of these six years Fuller was also wrestling. He had begun wrestling as a teen-ager at Milton Academy. He was captain of the wrestling team at Harvard, where his yearbook referred to him as "the almost-legendary Peter Fuller." In 1948 he made a kind of footnote to sports history by almost making the Olympic teams in both boxing and wrestling. Henry Wittenberg, the man who beat him out in wrestling, went on to win a gold medal. To go along with his 1949 Golden Gloves title, Fuller won the New England AAU wrestling championship in 1950.

Between these two "warrior sports," as he likes to think of them, it would seem as if Fuller did nothing but fight throughout his 20s and with a passion to win that kept him punishing mind and body as if his life depended on it. Every possessed man has a nice reasonable explanation for his demon. On a wall of Fuller's living room hangs a charming portrait of him at the age of seven or eight, painted by Augustus John. Here is an idealized child—a golden child. But until he was six or so the child had been a celiac case, incapable of digesting a normal

diet. He lived on high-protein muffins, lactic milk, ripe bananas and homemade cottage cheese, three meals a day, day after day. The millionaire's son's stomach protruded like that of one of the starving children of the world. A snapshot shows him sitting on a tricycle—large, expressionless eyes staring out of a semi-invalid's face. Those once-and-future 17-inch calves were two spindly sticks in white stockings. At night he had to be carried upstairs to bed.

Fuller's theory on Fuller is that when his health began to return, he built himself up into a youthful Charles Atlas as an act of overcompensation. But the theory fails to explain why he didn't become a weight lifter, for instance, or a home-run slugger, with shoulders like Jimmie Foxx, or a decathlete. Why must physical fitness mean striking power? Why must competitiveness translate as combat—until the measure of health or manhood for a 53-year-old is to step into a ring with the heavyweight champion of the world?

At this point the theory turns in the direction of father. The late Alvan T. Fuller was that most dreaded of acts for a son to follow, a self-made man. Alvan T. began working at the age of 16 in a rubber factory; in the evening he repaired and sold bicycles. To advertise himself, he raced his product. His style was to start out slowly and win by coming from behind. And he was a winner on the track, as he was to be a winner almost everywhere else.

By the time he was 18 Alvan T. was running the bicycle business full-time. At 21 he imported the first automobiles to enter the U.S. through the port of Boston: two De Dion Voiturettes. In 1903, when he was 25, he became the first authorized Packard dealer in America and, shortly after, the first Cadillac distributor. He is credited with inventing the trade-in and the time payment—two customs without which American motorists could hardly have survived. In 1910 he was described as the world's biggest automobile dealer, and then, just as he had moved on from bicycles to cars, he went on to other things.

The ex-factory worker, ex-bicycle racer came along at a time when the Boston Brahmins were ripe to be gate-crashed, and he entered that circle. He married Viola Thérèse Davenport, an op-

continued



All his life he's been a tough competitor.
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when his 11-year-old daughter beat him at chess.
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1. To enter, fill in the official entry form, clearly hand printing your name, address, and your answers to all three questions in *Ornate* 5 x 8" plain paper of paper clearly hand printed your name, address and answers to the three questions on the official entry form.

The answers to office questions to this by hand fill in the labels on any bottle of Johnnie Walker Black Label. Labels may be obtained by requesting same from: Johnnie Walker Black Label, 200 West 107th St., New York, NY 10019.

2. Entries to contest to win this scholarship must be mailed to: Johnnie Walker Black Label, 200 West 107th St., New York, NY 10019. Entries must be post marked by June 25, 1977, and received by June 30, 1977.

3. Winners will be determined in random drawings, among all correctly answered and clearly legible entries, conducted by VIP Service Inc., an independent rule of organization whose decisions are final and will be irrevocable.

4. First Prize: The cost of a four year college education for the winner, school or anyone the winner chooses, up to a maximum of \$40,000, or \$40,000 in scholarship and one year of \$2,500 quarterly per year over a period of four years. Payments will begin November 1, 1977.

Second Prize: \$4,000 in cash to be used if selected by the winner toward the cost of a college education for the winner's child or anyone the winner chooses.

Third Prize: \$1,000 in cash to be used if selected by the winner toward the cost of a college education for the winner's child or anyone the winner chooses. Prize winners will be required to reside in the United States of America and be a resident of the United States of America.

4. Prizes are non-transferable. Only one prize to a family, and no substitution for prizes except as stated. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of correctly answered entries received. All 11 prizes valued at \$55,000 will be awarded. Local state and federal taxes if any are the responsibility of winners.

5. Contest open to residents of the United States. Employees and their families of Somerset Importers Ltd. their advertising agencies liquor wholesalers and retailers and VIP Service Inc. are not eligible.

Contest void in Missouri, Pennsylvania, Utah and Virginia and wherever prohibited or restricted by law. All federal state and local laws and regulations apply.

6. ENTRANTS MUST BE OF LEGAL DRINKING AGE UNDER LAWS OF THEIR HOME STATE AS OF DATE 1977.

7. A list of winners will be furnished two months after the close of the contest. Inactive winners who do not send address envelope to: Johnnie Walker Black Label, 200 West 107th St., New York, NY 10019. Please do not send entries to this box number.

8. The Official Entry form may not be reproduced.

9. NO PURCHASE REQUIRED.

10. OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

To enter, look at the labels on any bottle of Johnnie Walker Black Label Scotch Whisky and then answer the three questions listed below:

1. Johnnie Walker Black is bottled in what city in Scotland's James?

2. Johnnie Walker Black is named after _____ great?

3. Johnnie Walker Black Scotch Whisky is made in _____ country?

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6. How many years old is the oldest Scotch Whisky in the world?

7. How many years old is the oldest Scotch Whisky in the world?

8. How many years old is the oldest Scotch Whisky in the world?

9. How many years old is the oldest Scotch Whisky in the world?

10. How many years old is the oldest Scotch Whisky in the world?

WARRIOR continued

era singer who had made her debut at the Boston Opera House in 1909 in the title role of Lakme, getting generally favorable reviews ("a soprano of range and brilliance"). He began to collect paintings—the originals of the Rembrandt, the Renoir, the Monet, the Reynolds that now hang in his son's showroom.

Around 1912, with the bicycle sprinter's speed that he had brought to other activities, Alvan T. turned to politics. He supported Teddy Roosevelt, running as a Bull Moose Progressive. In 1915 he was elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives—the only Progressive in that body. A year later he became a Congressman, breaking the rules of the club almost immediately by criticizing congressional committees as costly and inefficient—a "barnacle upon the ship of state." In 1920 Alvan T. became lieutenant governor of Massachusetts, then governor in 1924. History can be as unjust as the people who make it. The one thing most people remember about Governor Fuller is that acting upon the recommendation of a committee headed by Harvard President A. Lawrence Lowell, he found no reason to stay the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti in 1927.

Peter Fuller remembers his father as a born leader—a fiercely independent man of compassion and principle. In fact, everything Peter Fuller wanted to be. And why not? Alvan T. succeeded at all he tried, and still had time to take his son to Yankee Stadium to see the second Louis-Schmeling fight.

At Milton Academy the wrestling coach, Louie Andrews, used to put his arm around Fuller and say, "Peter, you can do it." And Peter did it. When he was a marine during World War II, boxing for a base championship against a Navy contender, a marine major with a swagger stick told him, "We expect you to win, Fuller." And Peter won. But in the end, the father figure for Peter was father. He regards it as no coincidence that he never lost as a wrestler, and only once as a boxer, in the presence of Alvan T.

After he quit boxing, Fuller managed fighters, among them Bob Woodall, an Air Force champion, and Tom McNeely, who, as a 10-to-1 underdog, was knocked out by Floyd Patterson in Toronto in 1961.

In 1954 Fuller attended a Belmont paddock sale and bought a mare named

Michnee. Six days later she won a race, and he was hooked. In three years he acquired a racing stable of 18 horses. Finally there came what should have been a climax to a 14-year search for a champion. When Daner's Image won and then lost the 94th Kentucky Derby because Butazolidin, an anti-inflammatory agent, was found in the colt's urine, Fuller responded like a fighter. He went to court and spent three years and \$150,000 on appeals. Yet even in the Derby winner's circle there had been a curious reserve to the expression on Fuller's face—a "this is not quite it, either" look. Even at best, it seemed, managing prizefighters and owning horses was only winning secondhand.

The years passed and Fuller dabbled more or less profitably in Florida real estate ventures while the Cadillac agency continued to hum along, selling around 1,800 new Cadillacs a year. There was always something to do. There always had to be something to do. Fuller bred prize Guernseys. He served as treasurer of the Fuller Foundation. He had eight children—seven daughters and a son Peter Jr. In 1974 he intended to run in an independent candidate for father's old job, governor of Massachusetts, then mysteriously changed his mind for "intensely personal reasons." "Thus far I feel that I have been very fortunate," he wrote in his 25th-anniversary class report for Harvard, "but I also feel strongly that although I've had what I consider an exciting and interesting life to date, perhaps the best or worst is still to come."

Fuller weighs the same he weighed 25 years ago—191 pounds—though he believes he has shrunk an inch, to 5'9". Until five years ago, when he injured his right shoulder, he wrestled a couple of times a week in the wrestling room he gave to Milton Academy. He drinks goat's milk. He is a teetotaler and has never smoked. He is always in shape, always ready—for what?

There is a vague, baffled feeling here that life has not stood still for a wide-in fighter who is looking for a showdown—one winner-take-all confrontation. He volunteered as a marine paratrooper in World War II, but despite character references from then-Governor of Massachusetts Leverett Saltonstall ("a boy of initiative, courage and great energy... a chip off the old block") will make a committed



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There's no other formula like Preparation H. Ointment or suppositories.

WARRIOR continued

fighting marine"). Fuller was turned down because he had flat feet and a weak ankle, and never saw combat—a disappointment he still can taste. He never got to fight Rocky Marciano. When he finally got to fight Ali, he was made the stooge of a tan-cam act.

The point is, if the Derby and the governor's race didn't work out, they didn't count in the same way either. Despite all those Cadillacs and all those horses and all that money, despite the family (eight children plus one grandchild and two dogs on the Christmas card), despite the Fuller name as civic leader on the very best of letterheads, despite whatever they teach an English major at Harvard, what you do or do not do with your body at the moment of combat is, and always has been, the measure for Fuller. If a man was, preferably, or at least if he survives, goes the route, nothing else matters. If he doesn't, nothing else matters either.

In Fuller's wallet are two well-worn talismans: his old boxing license, with the identification picture of the young Peter Fuller, and a match-folded piece of paper containing quotations, written in his own hand, from Henry V. Prince Hal had been a son eclipsed by his father. Prince Hal had come into his own at the Battle of Agincourt:

He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,

Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is named.

Deeds, feats, honor, fortitude—the archaic words still wave banners inside Fuller's head. It will never be enough that he is a gentle, complicated man who has suffered as his father never suffered, just because he is his father's son. It will never be enough that he has led a decent life—that he has passed the tests he (and his father) would consider meaningful, as successful businessman, good family man, public-spirited citizen.

When he was a boy, his father used to say to Peter, "I feel sorry for you. You'll never know the pinch of economic necessity." But it is more than just that. What Peter Fuller really has never known—what he was looking for in his quixotic meeting with Ali—is the one perfect chance to prove himself. Until his dying day he will be Prince Hal waiting for his Agincourt.

END

Reading between the lines of the 1976 Tax Reform Act:
Its impact on personal estate planning.

"If your assets are held in joint tenancy with your husband or wife, watch out for double taxation."

"The new tax law may seem to favor joint tenancy for passing property to a spouse. But don't be trapped into double taxation, which can be especially severe if your estate exceeds a sum of \$400,000," suggests Jim Louden, Assistant Vice President in Trust Legal.

Suppose a husband places his assets in joint tenancy with his wife. Upon the death of the husband, it is no longer necessary to prove each spouse's contribution to the tenancy. Code Sec. 2040(b) states that only half the assets in joint tenancy are taxed in the husband's estate *if* the joint tenancy is between spouses, *if* it is created after December 31, 1976, and *if* (here's the rub) the creation of joint tenancy is reported as a gift.

The new unified tax rate schedule provides that gifts are to be taxed basically at the same rate as estates, with a possible result of no tax savings whatsoever. Even worse, *all* the joint tenancy assets are then included in the surviving co-owner's estate *to be taxed again*—a double taxation.

This double taxation can be avoided by leaving your assets in a trust administered



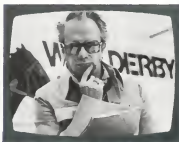
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THESE PEOPLE DON'T HORSE AROUND



WITH HALL'S GUIDANCE, THE DERBY SHOW RUNS SEVEN HOURS

Among America's prestigious sporting events, none takes up as little time as the Kentucky Derby, which is usually over in two minutes. As an occasion for network television coverage—CBS earned it from 1951 to 1974, ABC the last three years—the Derby presents a problem: the broadcast rights stipulate that the show must last an hour. Those who have to cope with filling 58 minutes of non-racing air time often feel as if they are trying to put a saddle on a mouse.

But the network's challenge is trifling compared to the one taken on by two Louisville stations, WHAS-TV, a CBS affiliate, and WLKY-TV, an ABC outlet. Between them they carry 13½ hours of coverage from the track on Derby Day. Each station goes on the air at 11:30 a.m., with WHAS, which has been doing Derbies for 25 years, staying on until 6:30 p.m., and WLKY until six.

It is something of a surprise that the stations get into the Kentucky Derby. Of all televised sporting events, none would seem to have stronger reasons for imposing a local blackout, since Churchill Downs has almost inexhaustible crowd capacity. This year 124,038 paid between \$10 and \$120 to see Seattle Slew win, and they bet an average of \$71 each. From the wagering alone, the track grossed \$1,115,750, when admission, concession, parking, program and souvenir profits are added in, the Derby makes the Super Bowl and World Series seem like slim pickings. And

those profits would almost certainly be fatter if Louisville's were not able to sit at home and see all the action.

Even though promoters understandably love blackouts, they are anathema to television, which hates to miss an opportunity to pick up more viewers. Until Congress legislated against blackouts of all sold-out pro football games, most NFL contests were not televised in the cities where they were played. Baseball and NBA playoff games have been blacked out from time to time. The Indianapolis 500 is not shown in that metropolitan area until 24 hours after its conclusion, and the promoters of the Atlanta 500 black out the state of Georgia for the event. Even last week's WCT tennis championships were not shown in Dallas, where they took place. The Derby not only does not black out ABC's telecast of the race, but it also allows the entire day's festivities to be shown on not one, but two stations. For such privileges, it might be assumed that WHAS and WLKY pay a very high price. In fact, they pay nothing.

Lynn Stone, the president of Churchill Downs, says, "There isn't any doubt that our television coverage on Derby Day is unique in American sports. When we worked with CBS it allowed its affiliate, WHAS, to do Derby Day. When we signed with ABC, it agreed to the same deal for WHAS and added its local station, too. From the track's viewpoint, we haven't noticed any ill effects. Maybe there are some, and we have overlooked them."

Racing fans certainly haven't overlooked the two Derby Day telecasts. In the late morning and early afternoon hours, it seems that everyone not on his way to the track is looking at a TV set. According to the racists, WHAS, which in 1976 outdrew WLKY three to one on Derby Day, has attracted as many as 170,000 viewers from a population base of 900,000. The total may actually be far higher, because the ratings do not account for peo-

ple watching in hotels, at bars or at parties in private homes, which would seem to account for most of the populace early on Derby Day. Although the prices for commercials are nowhere near those charged by the networks, the money does roll in. A 30-second spot early in the WHAS telecast costs \$150, and there were 27 of those in the first hour. As the day goes on, the scale goes up to \$175, \$225, \$350, then to \$800 for the Derby itself and back to \$300 for the wrap-up show.

Chuck Hall, 48, is the writer, producer and director of WHAS' Derby Day show, an assignment he has had since Proud Clarion won in 1967. Beginning on the Sunday before this year's race, Hall put in 81½ hours of work over a six-day period. He wrote a 46-page script, made certain that all the major prep races leading up to the Derby had been acquired on an exclusive basis for his station and then struggled with the logistics of keeping almost 50 people and tons of equipment on the move at Churchill Downs.

"What usually takes five minutes on a normal day requires 25 on Derby Day," Hall says. "You can't use trucks or golf carts. The talent and technicians must become foot soldiers. This year mimics helped us. We start planning the show early in February, and by the time the Derby is over I figure we have put in enough hours to add up to a solid month of work. Our aim is to cut down on the yak-yak as much as we can, and we do that by making more than 70% of our show live."

Among the better pieces of yak-yak this year was an interview with ABC News' co-anchor person Harry Reasoner, who was asked how it felt to work with America's most famous newswoman. Reasoner answered, "It must be almost poet time." Another interview was with Hall of Famer and Derby regular Stan Musial, who was asked what he was doing in Louisville. "Looking for bats," said The Man.

"The main thing you have to remember about doing the Derby for a station in Louisville is that you can't fool anybody," says Hall. "They know too much. We stick to the Derby, to its great history and its spectacle. The people here know that the Derby is a one-of-a-kind phenomenon."

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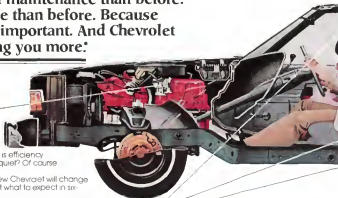
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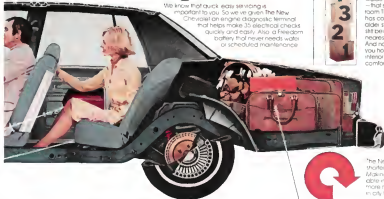


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It was College Night at Atlanta Stadium last Friday, and a raucous crowd of 20,000 turned out, not so much to watch the first-place Braves perform as to see if that eternal sophomore, Atlanta owner Ted Turner, would do what he had done in Pittsburgh two nights earlier—put on a uniform and manage his team.

Not since the days of Connie Mack had an owner prowled the dugout calling his own shots during a game, but Turner had been desperate. After all, his team had lost 16 games in a row.

There are sanctions against such a dual role: Baseball Rule 20-E, which wasn't intended to apply to a case like Turner's, forbids an individual from managing a team in which he owns stock, because it might result in a conflict of interest. But Turner is an unrepentant sort who pays little attention to rules or higher authority. When he decided that the best way to stop the Braves' streak was to relieve Dave Bristol of his duties and put on the manager's cap himself, Turner consulted neither National League President Chub Feeney nor Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn.

"Take 10 days off," said Turner after summoning Bristol to his Pittsburgh hotel room. "I'm seeing too many long faces. We've got to take the pressure off. You go scout the farm system. I'll manage the team."

"You're crazy," said Bristol in reply.

Benched from the bench

Flamboyant Braves owner Ted Turner tried to put a stop to his team's 16-game losing streak by becoming a manager. He lost one more and his seat in the dugout

"but go right ahead. It's your team."

Although managers in Japan are sometimes given leaves of absence for prayer and meditation, Bristol had no interest in establishing that practice in the U.S. Feeling thoroughly humiliated, he headed home to Andrews, N.C., where he could ride his horses and not have to say what he really thought about the affair.

Turner reminded those critical of his decision that he, too, has been humiliated—by the Braves' pathetic play. He had sat still during a similar period of ineptitude last season, when Atlanta started out 8-5 under Bristol, just as it had this year, only to lose its next 13 in a row. And so, though he has no more managerial savvy than might be expected of a millionaire TV executive whose two sons play in the Little League, Turner put on a gray Atlanta road jersey with No. 27 on the back and led the Braves onto the field Wednesday night against the Pirates.

At 38 he still looked young enough to pass for a major-leaguer—an aging veteran, perhaps, like the erstwhile ace of the Braves' pitching staff, Phil Niekro, who is just a few months younger than Turner but undoubtedly feels a good deal older after beginning this season with a 0-7 record. But there was something about the awkward manner in which Turner ran wind sprints, the long, prematurely gray hair straggling from beneath his cap and his thin Howard Hughes-type mustache that revealed him to be an impostor. Even Connie Mack, a good player in his day, had the sense to put on a dark suit and a straw hat once he settled in as owner-manager.

By the cruelest of fates, Pittsburgh brought a 10-game winning streak into Three Rivers Stadium and, needless to say, the Pirates were anything but daunted by the unfamiliar figure in the Atlanta dugout. The final score was a respectable 2-1, but the loss extended the Braves' streak to 17—the fourth longest

of all time and within six of the major league record. During the defeat Turner did nothing more dramatic than run out to the third-base coach's box to confer with Vern Benson about pinch hitters. Yet by the next morning, sports pages all over the country had made Teddy Ballgame, as Ted Williams often referred to himself and as the Atlanta writers now call Turner, big news. That brought Feeney, an old adversary, into the fracas.

When Turner purchased the Braves last year from a group of absentee owners known in Atlanta as "the Chicago 12," he quickly turned a moribund franchise into one of the liveliest in either league. He dreamed up racy promotions, including motorized bathtub racing, and even took part in a mattress-stacking contest.

More important than these antics was Turner's unrestrained presence in the stands. He could nearly always be found in the same seat on aisle 105, right be-

continued



As a skipper, Turner did little except talk



N.Y. Chub Feeney. Bowie Kuhn hustled him

hind the Atlanta dugout, keeping a close eye on what was happening on the bench. He was constantly yelling things like "awwwright!" and "not too shabby!"—a mode of speech that can be described as Southern bebop. He autographed everything but the fans' hot dogs, and he learned from the players how to keep a chaw of Red Man going for nine innings. Though the Braves finished last in the Western Division, attendance rose by 300,000, and Turner became a local hero, the most visible fighter in the battle to change Atlanta's image as a sports loser.

All this was fine with Feeney. It was Turner's poker games with his players, his rushing to the plate to greet home-run hitters and his plans for illegal incentive bonuses that had to go. This season Feeney and Turner had already clashed over the Braves' instant-replay screen on the center-field scoreboard, which umpires charged was being used more and more frequently to question their judgment on close calls. When Feeney learned of Turner's latest caper, he read him Rule 20-E over the phone and told him to get out of the dugout.

On Thursday, with Benson running the team and Max Leon providing three-hit pitching, Atlanta won a 6-1 victory over Pittsburgh that halted the losing streak but established a dubious new standard for managerial instability by giving the Braves three different field leaders in as many days. Nonetheless, the scene in the locker room afterward rivaled that of a World Series winner.

"Let's play again right now. We're hot," said Outfielder Jeff Burroughs, wielding one of the bottles of champagne he had ordered up for his teammates. "Geez, it sounds like Christmas," said Turner, lugging in a case of cold beer for his boys. "The war is over."

Buoyed by the apparent success of his shakeup and still hoping to manage again, Turner returned to Atlanta and appealed Feeney's ruling to Kuhn, another nemesis. Kuhn has tried to suspend Turner from baseball for a year because of his "tampering" with Outfielder Gary Matthews, now of the Braves, while Matthews was still playing out his option with the San Francisco Giants. Turner appealed his suspension—a decision is expected within the next few days—which was the only reason he was in a position to make his move last week.

To the delight of the early arrivals among the College Night crowd, Turner

walked onto the field wearing old No. 27. He took batting practice, booted a couple of ground balls at second base and then was called to the dressing room to read a telegram from the commissioner. It said in part:

"Given Mr. Turner's lack of familiarity with game operations, I do not think it is in the best interest of baseball for Mr. Turner to serve in the requested capacity."

Turner quickly telephoned Kuhn, whom he refers to as "the Big Chief," and asked, "How am I supposed to get the experience?"

"In the stands, like the other owners," said the Big Chief. "Why can't you be like everybody else?"

"Because I'm in last place," Turner said.

Obviously there had been nothing funny about the Braves' predicament before Turner made his quixotic decision. Atlanta pitchers had given up 48 runs during one three-game stretch that included a 23-9 drubbing by Cincinnati in which the Reds scored 12 runs in a single inning. But the sad situation turned into low comedy once Turner, who by his own admission tends to act and talk before he thinks, took over.

In fact, somebody ought to compile a little red book of quotations from Owner Ted. It would surely contain some of his best from last week, which included:

"If you can't do anything else, make a lot of noise."

"Turning around the Braves is like Mission Impossible."

"It [his managing] can't hurt us. It's going to help us in the long haul. I'm learning things. I'll be around for 30 years, until I go to the great baseball diamond in the sky. If there's reincarnation, I'm coming back as a player."

"I bought the Braves for two reasons—to get an autographed ball without pleading for it and to get good seats."

Turner is probably right that his shenanigans did not hurt the Braves on the field. And they certainly paid off at the gate. On Friday night, before that healthy crowd of 20,000, Atlanta lost when Ken Reitz of the Cardinals broke up a scoreless battle in the ninth with a three-run homer. On Saturday, Bristol was reinstated as manager. He had done no scouting, and said he merely hoped he still had the respect of his players. The Braves lost again, giving them a 9-24 record—the worst in baseball—and leaving them

16½ games behind the division-leading Dodgers. Yet on Sunday afternoon there were 40,000 fans in Atlanta Stadium to see what would happen next. Surprisingly, the Braves won 15-12.

"I still predict we'll have a World Series here in five years," said Turner.

Chances are that either Turner will have his Series or he'll have installed himself as the cleanup hitter by then.

THE WEEK

(May 5-16)
by JIM KAPLAN

AL WEST Apparently the Gunfight at the KC Corral is over. After American League President Lee MacPhail fined eight Rangers and two Royals for participating in a May 7 brawl, the teams met peaceably three times last week. Not even the appearance of Joe Louis, who threw out the first ball on Friday, could set things off. The decision went to KC two games to one, but not before Gaylord Perry came off the canvas to four-hit the Royals 2-4. The only sparing was verbal as the Royals predictably accused Perry, who entered the game with a 1-4 record and a 6.67 earned run average, of throwing spitballs. The Rangers responded by down-playing Jim Colborn's pitching after he no-hit them 6-0, and Colborn agreed (see box). For the week, neither team had much comph, Texas going 3-4 and KC 2-4, although the Royals did beat Ranger pitcher Bert Blyleven for the first time in seven decisions, 4-3.

Both Minnesota (4-1) and Chicago (5-1) had far better clout and remained, surprisingly, the division's one-two punch. Off to their fastest start since 1970, the Twins have five regulars hitting over .300, which was to be expected, and are third in the league in pitching, which nobody would have predicted. Dave Goltz, Jeff Holly and Ron Schenker each got his second win of the season as Minnesota stayed in first, despite having played almost two-thirds of its games on the road. Meanwhile, the White Sox, who scored the third-fewest runs in the league last year, kept up their astounding hitting. In an 18-2 shelling of Cleveland, Jim Spencer got his first career grand slam and led a club record held by Shoeless Joe Jackson, Carl Reynolds and Tommy McCraw by batting in eight runs. Jorge Orta homered and drove in three runs to beat Texas 6-3, and Chet Lemon became the first American Leaguer this season to get five hits in one game, pacing at 8-3 win over Cleveland with three singles and two doubles. The pitching wasn't bad, either. The White Sox

continued



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allowed three runs in each of five straight games.

After losing 12 of 14 on the road, including 10-4 and 9-3 thrashings by their fellow ex-patriots in Toronto, Seattle (2-5) flew home to face red-hot New York and got its first series sweep by scores of 5-2 and 6-6. "It's out of a storybook," said Yankee Reggie Jackson. "David and Goliath Good for baseball." Then David reverted to form, as big bad Benton took two straight from the Mariners. Oakland (2-3) dropped to fifth as Shortstop Rodney Scott's error set up one of their losses. Owner Charlie Finley did little to help his team's future when it was determined that he had illegally cut rookie Tommy Sandt's pay before shipping him to St. Louis in the spring. After a grievance hearing, Sandt was declared a free agent. Now Finley must compensate St. Louis, probably with another player.

Catfish's week (4-3) was more upbeat. Frank Tanana predicted he would throw a shutout, then did it, setting down Baltimore 6-0 for his fifth win as Bobby Bonds, Don Baylor and Ron Jackson hit successive homers. Nolan Ryan defeated KC 6-1 for his 11th career two-hitter. To shore up their shaky bullpen, the Angels reacquired reliever Dave LaRoche from Cleveland. He arrived just in time to save a game for Don Kirkwood. "I was more nervous than the first game I pitched here as a rookie," LaRoche said. The next day rookie Gid Flores showed he was nerveless. Checking in from Salt Lake City, where he had been hitting .333, Centerfielder Flores moved into the Angels' leadoff position and got their only three hits in a 3-0 loss to New York.

MINN 21-11 CHI 20-11 KC 17-15 TEX 15-14
OAK 16-16 CAL 14-19 SEA 11-26

AL EAST Boston (3-2) was up on its luck when Fred Lynn returned to the lineup for the first time since suffering an ankle injury in spring training. On the first pitch, he homered. On his second trip to the plate, he homered again. And that was not all of the Red Sox' good fortune. Jim Willoughby threw seven innings of scoreless relief and George Scott hit a home run to beat Seattle 7-5. Still, Lynn's return was the best news for Boston. "Fred came to me and begged to play," said Manager Don Zimmer. "I didn't want him to. I didn't think he was ready. Shows what kind of a manager I am."

Before the season began, even some Baltimore players did not think the Orioles had a ghost of a chance of contending, but the standings are no mirage. And the league's best pitching is no illusion, even as Jim Palmer lost 7-5 to the Angels after taking a three-run lead into the eighth inning. It turned out the blame belonged to Manager Earl Weaver. "I told him in the fifth my neck hurt,"

Palmer said. "It was his decision to keep me in." Weaver's decision to stay with Pat Kelly had happier results. Kelly went 9 for 19 with five RBIs as the Orioles took three of five. The sole Oriole mishap occurred when Pitcher Scott McGregor was hit on the lip by a batting-practice grounder. The wound required six stitches, and necessitated the removal of McGregor's moustache. "It'll take a year to grow back," said McGregor.

New York (3-2) had its weekly blowup. This time Manager Billy Martin fumed over the absence of a third catcher at a time when the Yankees had an open spot on their roster and was fined \$2,500 for his outburst. Thurman Munson backed up Martin, saying, "If you think I can catch 155 games, you're crazy." Munson's substitute, Fran Healy, who has caught six innings this season, was not heard from, but General Manager Gabe Paul was defending his decision to call up Outfielder Del Ableson, who was hitting .338 at Syracuse, instead of Catcher Elrod Hendricks. Paul said, "If we have to depend on a player hitting .405 [Hendricks], with the kind of talent that has been provided, we are indeed in bad trouble." The Yankees played like it, though, committing five errors in an 8-6 loss to Seattle before Ed Figueroa and Don Gullett beat the Angels 3-0 and 4-1 with complete games.

Toronto (2-3) First Baseman Doug Ault played a scene right out of Rocky. Felled by a warmup throw over the right eye, which required two stitches, he arose to swat a three-run homer as the Blue Jays beat Seattle 10-4. Toronto also got punch from the left side of the infield, where Bob Bailor stepped in for the traded Jim Mason at short and went 3 for 18, and new Third Baseman Roy Howie went 4 for 12 and started on defense. The Blue Jays' main failing was pitching. Reliever Jerry Johnson's wild delivery allowed the winning run to score in one game, and four members of the staff permitted 20 hits in another. In a 1-3 loss to Minnesota, the only time Toronto retired Rod Carew in six trips to the plate was when he derailed Pitcher Chuck Hartenstein's thumb with a smash back to the mound.

Detroit (3-3) rookie Dave Rozema beat Milwaukee 9-1 the week after Brewer Manager Alex Grammas had said Rozema's fast ball had only "batting-practice speed." Countered Rozema, "I wonder what he thinks now." Dissembled Grammas, "I didn't say he wasn't effective." Dave Roberts defeated the Twins 8-3 on a five-hitter and Reliever Fernando Arroyo moved into the starting rotation long enough to beat the Brewers 3-2. The Tigers had heavy support from the likes of Mark Wagner and Phil Markowski who contributed to the team's total of nine home runs.

In the judgment of General Manager Phil Seghi, Cleveland (3-3) Manager Frank Robinson was squandering talent. Seghi swung

the deal that landed Outfielder Bruce Boche from the Angels, but objected when Robinson inserted him in place of slumping (.239) Rick Manning. Milwaukee (never April's child, continued its customary May swoon, dropping five of seven and falling from third to fourth as rookie Moose Haas had both of his team's victories. In four straight defeats the Brewers scored eight runs and allowed 21. Said Grammas, no longer downgrading any pitching but his own, "We keep stopping those losing streaks, and then we lose the next day. We've got to win four games in a row to get going again."

NY 18-12 BAL 16-11 BOS 16-13 MIL 16-16
DET 13-17 TOR 14-19 CLE 11-18

NL WEST In contrast to the 1-6 Braves, Los Angeles (1-1) kept making history on an upbeat way. When Don Sutton defeated the Expos 8-2, it was his 181st career victory, surpassing Dazzy Vance on the all-time Dodger win list. Only Don Drysdale (209) looms ahead. Sutton is off to a sizzling start, with a 5-0 record and a 1.61 earned run average. Also winning for the fifth time was Doug Rau, who defeated the Mets 5-4, as Charlie Hough maintained the league lead with his ninth save. Manager Tom Lasorda calls the knucklebaling Hough "my Hope diamond."

With the Reds off to their worst start since 1971, which turned out to be a sub-.500 season, Cincinnati (3-4) fans were running out of hope. Read a sign with SOMEHOW PLEASE STOP THE DOGGERS. Gary Nolan making his first start after recovering from mononucleosis, gave the Reds a rare demonstration of tight pitching, allowing only three hits in five innings, to help snap St. Louis 2-1. But pitching is not the only matter for concern in Cincy. After 25 games, the Reds had 98 fewer base runners than they had at the same time last season. Unperturbed, Manager Sparky Anderson capped a modest two-game win streak by crowing, "We're riding the crest of a big wave. I can feel sail spray in my face." Evidently it was blinding his players. The next night they were held to one hit by St. Louis.

San Francisco was in even worse shape offensively, going 18 innings without a run before Randy Elliott hit a grand slam against the Reds. Contributing to the streak was a bizarre play in which Larry Herndon was called out after apparently scoring. Umpire Terry Tule ruled that Herndon had stepped on the mask of Cincy Catcher Bill Plummer rather than the plate. The Giants lost another victory, at least temporarily, when National League President Chub Feeney ruled that the last 17 outs of a rain-shortened game with New York must be played at a future date. That should be no cause for worry, because the Giants were leading 10-0 when the game was called. And San Francisco (3-3) had some

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high spots of baseball moments aren't right now, including complete games by John Curtis and Lynn McGlothen and a 600-foot high-walk between the upper decks at Candlestick Park by 72-year-old Karl Wallenda. Only John Montefusco was truly ill-favored. After losing 3-0 to Philadelphia, he said, "Five losses already this season. I can't understand it, and I don't know what to say." That doesn't often happen to The Count.

During batting practice, Houston (1-4) Pitcher Mark Lemongello was also knocked speechless. He was hit on the middle finger of his throwing hand by an errant fungo hit on Friday the 13th. But, as in the past, Lemongello found that supposedly unlucky days are his best. He shook off the injury and, with Reliever Ken Forsch, beat the Pirates 3-0. "The last time I pitched on Friday the 13th I was at Knoxville of the International League in 1975," said Lemongello. "I had lost three games in a row, and I was afraid they would send me down. Instead I had good luck. I shut out Omaha that night on three hits and struck out 14."

San Diego Manager John McNamara was cursing his luck after watching his team go only 9-8 in games in which it had scored five runs or more. "We may have to change some faces on the pitching staff," he said. Properly chastened, McNamara's hand went 3-2 as the same old faces allowed just 12 runs in four games before being blasted by Philadelphia 9-5. Rollie Fingers, who has appeared in 18 of the Padres' 35 games, had two snags, and Dave Winfield hit .455. During his last 29 games, Winfield has driven in 24 runs. He ranks among the league's top three in runs (266, hits 148) and RBIs (133).

LA 25-7 SF 13-16 CIN 13-18
HOUS 13-19 SD 14-21 ATL 9-24

NL EAST After communing almost endlessly with himself over each pitch, Al Hrabosky of St. Louis (15-2) struck out the Reds' George Foster, Johnny Bench and Bob Bailey with the bases loaded and the score tied in the ninth inning. Ted Simmons won the game 6-5 with a 10th-inning homer before a crowd that included 13,000 straight-A students at Busch Stadium. Simmons' clincher was set up by a head-up play in which the Cardinals cut down Ray Knight at the plate on a relay from Mike Anderson to Don Kessinger to Simmons. In another game, the Cardinals pulled off a triple play. With Astros on first and second, Willie Crawford lined to Mike Tyson, who flipped to Kessinger to double up Enos Cabell at second. Kessinger relayed to First Baseman Keith Hernandez to nail Cesar Cedeno. Four games later John D'Aquino, Buddy Schuttz and Hrabosky combined to one-hit the Reds 10-1. The day before, Lou Brock, of all people, had been removed for a pinch hitter. The widely second-guessed move ended in disaster as continued

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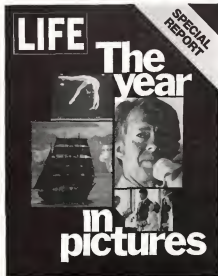
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THE YEAR IN PICTURES AT NEWSSTANDS EVERYWHERE.



BASEBALL continued

Anderson, his replacement, grounded into a double play.

As New York dropped five of its six games, local newsmen warred over the remains. Dave Anderson of *The Times* called the club a "plantation," Matury Allen of the *Post* favored the firing of Board Chairman M. Donald Grant, and Dick Young of the *News* himself an unofficial member of the Mets' "family" with a son-in-law in the front office, blamed the players for the Mets' losses and internal strife. Rumors of a high-level meeting that would end in Grant's ouster turned out to be a tempest in a teapot when the highest conflict was a chat over tea between Grant and Mets' President Lonnada de Roulet. At week's end, five board members gave the Mets a pregame pep talk. The team then stranded 12 runners and lost 5-4 to Los Angeles.

The Expos dropped four of five and fell below .500 for the first time this season. They lost 5-3 to Chicago on Friday the 13th, evening their record at 13-13 as the Cubs got 13 hits, the game-winner coming off Will McNaney, who was pinching in his 13th game. Evidently, the Expos lacked the magic of Cub Reliever Bruce Sutter, who had three

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

JIM COLBORN: The Kansas City right-hander threw the season's first no-hitter, beating the Rangers 6-0. Although he permitted only two runners to reach base, Colborn called his feat "pure luck. I made a lot of bad pitches."

saves and lowered his earned run average to 0.67 as Chicago went 5-1.

Philadelphia (4-1) made short work of the Giants. Steve Carlton threw a four-hitter at San Francisco to win 3-0 in 1:46, and Larry Christenson moved the Giants down by the same score, allowing three hits in 1:45. Sub Davey Johnson won two games with his bat, beating San Diego 5-4 with a single and 9-5 on two homers. For one, first-place Pittsburgh was just quietly effective; the Pirates won five of seven, although hitting only three homers. Bruce Gossage's four saves were the key, as Pittsburgh allowed only 17 runs.

But even if the Pirates were winning, they were no longer streaking. When Atlanta ended its run of 17 losses by beating Pittsburgh 6-1, the Braves also halted the Pirates' 11-game win streak and the hitting streaks of Dave Parker (22 games), Al Oliver (16) and Rennie Socomeo (13). Hitting .427 when symmet by the Braves, Parker maintained he might not drop much further. "If I'm still hitting .400 when I get 300 at bats," he said after his 117th at bat, "I might stay up there."

PETT 21-8 ST. L 20-11 CHI 17-11
PHI 15-13 MONT 13-14 NY 11-18

**Thrilling
conclusion of**



**Buick Opel
5-Car Showdown.**



Opel finishes...

uh...2nd.



If you're in the market for a small imported car, you're probably looking at cars like the VW Rabbit, the Toyota Corolla, the Datsun B-210 and the Subaru DL.

But how about the Buick Opel?

That's what we thought. And that's the trouble. We know the Opel is a little dynamo of a car. But apparently very few of you even know it exists. Much less what it can do.

Thus, The Buick Opel 5-Car Showdown. In which we pitted our tough, talented Opel against four of its better known competitors in daring, fender-to-fender comparisons. Comparisons that would answer a lot of the questions that are probably on your mind. Like which car accelerates quickest? Which cars get the best EPA mileage ratings? Which corners flattest? Which is quietest and roomiest inside? Stuff like that.

To make sure the results would be fair and unbiased, we enlisted the aid of an independent engineering firm and an editor from *Car and Driver* magazine to oversee the procedures and review the data. All test cars were equipped as much alike as possible: all had 4-speed manual transmissions, available air conditioning, radial tires and a healthy complement of options. And the tests were conducted at the General Motors Desert Proving Grounds in Mesa, Arizona.

You may have seen our ads in your local newspaper, where we've been reporting the Showdown results on a regular basis. But in case you haven't or have missed some, here's what we've been up to.

SHOWDOWN #1: HUMAN ENGINEERING

Rabbit jumps ahead, takes first place.



	Interior Noise	Interior Room	Total Showdown Points
	(Showdown Points)		
1. VW Rabbit (1980cc) Hatchback 3-dr Sedan	5	5	10
2. Toyota Corolla (1980cc) Sedan 3-dr Sedan	5	4	9
3. Buick Opel (1980cc) Sedan 3-dr Sedan	5	3	8
4. Subaru DL (1980cc) Sedan 3-dr Sedan	5	2	7
5. Datsun B-210 (1980cc) Sedan 3-dr Sedan	5	1	6

*Using EPA procedures we calculated front and rear seat volume estimates (head & shoulder & leg room). A total passenger volume estimate resulted.

Here we focused on an area of traditional weakness in small, imported cars: creature comfort. In other words, how quiet, how roomy, and how generally good our test cars are at making life pleasant for their occupants.

The Interior Noise Test turned out to be too close to call, so we awarded each car five first-place points. But Rabbit's good showing in the Interior Room contest gave it

first overall in the initial showdown. Opel, as you can see, finished third here.

So while we weren't exactly thrilled with Opel's third place finish, we did manage to beat two of our better-known competitors.

SHOWDOWN #2: UTILITY

Opel bounces back to grab victory.



	Trunk Capacity	Poling Points	Parking Lot Maneuverability	Total Showdown Points
	(Showdown Points)			
1. Buick Opel	3	5	5	13
2. VW Rabbit	5	3	3	11
3. Toyota Corolla	2	4	4	10
4. Subaru DL	4	2	2	8
5. Datsun B-210	1	1	1	3

*Results based upon mfr. data provided by the EPA.
**Measured pulling capabilities for (1) 30 mph (2nd gear) and (2) 55 mph (4th gear).
***Results based upon (1) Measured steering effort with the car standing still (2) Measured steering effort with the car moving at 10 mph (3) Measured turning diameters (Subaru measured)

The function of this Showdown was to test functionality: which car has the biggest trunk, which car is easiest to park, which has the best pulling power. The results were most gratifying.

The Rabbit, with its hatchback, easily took trunk capacity honors. But our intrepid little Opel outmaneuvered all the others in parking ease (where we measured two kinds of steering effort and calculated turning diameter) and received the highest grades in what the engineers call "gradability" (or what you'd probably call "pulling power"). And that pulled Opel into a first-place tie with Rabbit after two showdowns. Most gratifying, indeed. Especially for a little car you might not even have been considering.

SHOWDOWN #3: OPERATING EFFICIENCY

Toyota and Datsun tie for first;
Opel—Guilp!—Last.



This was not our favorite event. Opel, with the biggest engine (1800cc) of all five cars, showed 27 miles per gallon* (based on EPA combined estimates; 55% city/45% highway). But it wasn't good enough.

Opel's bigger gas tank helped it do well when we measured Range (or how far a car can go on a full tank of gas), but not as well as Subaru and Toyota, who tied for first. And when we compared recommended maintenance schedules for 37,500 miles of normal driving, Opel (8 recommended visits) finished behind Rabbit (6 visits), and Datsun and Toyota (7 each).

All of which adds up to a first-place tie between Toyota and Datsun, with Opel—ahem—bringing up the rear, and dropping to third overall after three showdowns. As we said, this was not our favorite event.

	Cam- bined Midrange Est.	Cam- bined Range Est.	Recom- mended Main- tenance Stops ***	Total Show- down Points
(Showdown Points)				
1. Corolla (EPA est. 39 city/32 hwy) (13.3 gal tank)	4	5	4	13
Datsun	5	4	4	13
1. B-210 (EPA est. 41 city/29 hwy) (11.5 gal tank)	4	5	2	11
2. Subaru	4	5	2	11
2. DL (EPA est. 41 city/32 hwy) (13.2 gal tank)	3	2	5	10
3. Rabbit (EPA est. 37 city/24 hwy) (11.6 gal tank)	2	3	3	8
4. Buick Opel	2	3	3	8
(EPA est. 36 hwy/32 city/32 hwy) (13.2 gal tank)				

*Based upon EPA combined estimates (33% city/55% hwy). All vehicles equipped with standard 4-speed manual transmissions. Actual mileage may vary with driving habits, the condition of the car and its equipment.

**Based upon multiplying EPA combined mileage est. by gas tank capacity as published by each manufacturer. Actual range may vary.

***Based upon the number of recommended maintenance stops as outlined by the car. The number and type of recommended repairs, adjustments and replacements would vary by visit. The less frequent the number of dealer visits the higher the score.

SHOWDOWN #4: ACCELERATION, PULLING POWER, CORNERING FLATNESS, STEERING QUICKNESS

The fourth event was close:
Rabbit and Opel outrun the pack.



This, however, could very well be our favorite event. Because the first thing most people want to know about any car is, "What'll she do?" How fast does it accelerate?

How's it corner? How sensitive is the steering? And—for Opel—the answer to all of these questions is, "Quite well, thank you."

So well, in fact, that our surprising little Opel was barely nosed out by a car much ballyhooed for its prowess

in these areas, the VW Rabbit.

Our Acceleration Test clocked three capabilities (0-55 mph, 20 to 35 mph, and 30 to 70 mph), and Rabbit beat the clock every time. But Opel—yes, Opel—pulled down a solid second place.

In the Gradability test, (the ability to climb a hill) Opel finished second. But Opel showed the way around turns, exhibiting (along with Datsun) the least body lean in the Cornering Flatness Test (assuming, of course, that flat is preferred—if not, switch the order in the chart); and tied with Toyota, Rabbit and Datsun for first place when we measured Steering Sensitivity or quickness.

	Accel- eration	Pulling Power	Cor- nering Flat- ness	Steer- ing Quick- ness	Total Show- down Points
(Showdown Points)					
1. VW Rabbit (1800cc) (1984 Avg. Curb Wt.)	5	5	4	5	19
2. Buick Opel (1800cc) (2100 Avg. Curb Wt.)	4	4	5	5	18
3. Toyota (1800cc) (2100 Avg. Curb Wt.)	3	3	3	5	14
4. Subaru DL (1800cc) (2120 Avg. Curb Wt.)	2	3	4	4	13
4. Datsun B-210 (2100cc) (2040 Avg. Curb Wt.)	1	2	5	5	13

*Based upon (1) 0-55 mph (2) 20-35 mph (3) 30-70 mph

**Based upon pulling capabilities for (1) 30 mph (2nd gear) and (2) 55 mph (4th gear)

***Based upon degree that less lean is preferable to more lean

****Based upon (1) measuring lateral acceleration and (2) calculating the required "crossover" (per 100 degree steering wheel angle) in 30 mph

AND THE WINNER IS...

Let's put it this way: we didn't win. Well, alright, if you insist, we'll put it this way: Rabbit won.

But not by much. As you can see in the final point totals, the VW only beat our Opel by three points (with Calif. emission equipped cars: four points) And Opel did finish ahead of three highly regarded opponents in the areas we tested.

So if the point of this whole 5-Car Showdown was to convince you that our Opel could hold its own against better-established competitors... that Opel should definitely be considered when you wander out to shop... well, we think we've made it.

Results will vary in California.



THE BUICK OPEL 5-CAR SHOWDOWN.

He's a first-class tourist

Concluding his inaugural season on the WCT tour, Jimmy Connors unloaded a salvo of winners to defeat the fast-improving Dick Stockton and win the championship

If you have not lost your taste for barracks-room gestures and raunchy humor, and all those marvelous—if not consistently droll—mimes and monkey-shines, then Jimmy Connors was again your man last week in Dallas. He also produced another demonstration of the kind of gutsy tennis that has made him almost certainly the best Big Event player in the game, losing the first set in the finals against Dick Stockton, then winning the match 6-7, 6-1, 6-4, 6-3. But for the sheer pleasure of watching

one player's stature emerging in events that led to the crowning of Connors as the "champion of the World Championship of Tennis championship tournament" (one must be careful where one places one's adjectives and capitals in tennis these busy days to assure proper respect for still another Big Event), then you would have to go with Richard LaCade Stockton. And, without taking anything away from Connors, you may have to go with Stockton a lot more often in days to come.



Jimbo took the onrushing out of Stockton's game by breaking service in the second set

His quiet intelligence will probably get on your nerves, you will be aghast at his failure to blue the air over unfavorable line calls, and you will certainly find him stationary by today's swinging standards (he and his wife prefer quiet days at the shore and are expecting a baby in September), but Stockton appears to have become something other than just another pretty foil in the affairs of Connors and the Nastase. He may, in fact, be awfully close to accomplishing a real breakthrough.

At a time when tennis is awash—not so say drowning—in Grand Slams, Grand Prix, Heavyweight Championships, Las Vegas Showdowns and highly suspect Winner-Take-All television specials, the WCT series offered a degree of logic in the orderly ascent to a "major" championship and was a perfect place for an emergence. The eight qualifiers got to Dallas on points awarded over 12 far-flung tournaments—Mexico City, Rotterdam, Birmingham, Ala., etc.—beginning in January. Once in Dallas, the exalted eight were treated with the now customary reverence—they drove Cadillac Seattles with their names on the doors and lunched at Lamar Hunt's estate—but generally and relatively speaking, they earned it.

And no one earned it more than Stockton. He won more WCT tournaments (three). He won the most prestigious (the U.S. Pro in Philadelphia). He scored the most points (\$200, taking an astounding 15 of 19 matches). He said he felt beforehand that he would be "lucky to win two or three." He was the only player to hold the edge over Connors (two victories in two WCT finals before last Sunday) and Nastase (one in one).

In short, Stockton did what many tennis people thought he could do years ago when he came out of the juniors with a record 20 championships, and out of Trinity College (by way of New York City) with the NCAA singles title. Unlike most of his contemporaries, however, Stockton was an all-round athlete, and though he beat Connors whenever they played in age-group matches, he was a long time putting away his bats and balls. He did not become a full-time tennis prodigy until well into high school. Painfully modest, Stockton does not like to be drawn into talk about his early triumphs over Connors, though he admits that once "in St. Louis, Mrs. Connors asked if I'd please enter the 14-and-under

continued

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With this new self-timer Pronto!, the fun is automatic. And so's the camera! Just set the distance and timer, then join the fun in front of the camera. Now get ready! The camera will set the exposure and go off automatically. In minutes, you'll have a sharp, clear SX-70 picture—and you're in it!



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Since 1967 six cases of Canadian Club have been hidden and never found.

Here's where you can find them:



Mt. Kilimanjaro. Your driver will take you from Nairobi Airport 240 miles southeast to the slopes of Kilimanjaro. You'll climb through the Giant Heath Forest to Mandara Hut, 9,000 feet up. The following morning you'll stumble outside to stare straight up at your real work—over 10,000 feet of sliding rock, hidden crevasses, and ice avalanches. In addition to boots, ropes and ice axes, you'll need a sound heart, strong lungs, powerful legs and plenty of luck. But somewhere 19,340 feet over Equatorial Africa, a case of Canadian Club is still waiting for you.



Great Barrier Reef. When you reach calm waters between Little Hope and Big Hope Islands you'll need all your courage before facing the deep. Beneath the warm, soothing waves of the Coral Sea lurks the world's most treacherous mass of twisted coral and rock, the Great Barrier Reef. As your captain tosses the dinghy over the side, someone will shout "Dabargo warkugo" (good luck). And you'll need it. You'll be exploring the eerie world where 200-pound clams filter the clear water. Where giant man-eating sharks patrol. And where we submerged a case of Canadian Club on August 14, 1968.



Death Valley. Head south out of Furnace Creek. You'll pass Badwater, a brackish pool 280 feet below sea level and as close to Hell as man on earth can get. As you cross the boundary of Death Valley National Monument turn right and look for an old road that leads straight to the hills. The road forks and becomes a wash to the right. As you glance around, notice an ancient rock through which centuries of relentless erosion have carved a natural hole, 144 paces up from that rock turn west for 13 more steps.

There, where surface temperatures of 190° can melt the soles of your shoes, 12 bottles of the wettest whisky in 87 lands lie buried.



Robinson Crusoe Island. Fly to Santiago, Chile, then on to Robinson Crusoe. Once there, the men who run the radio shack will help you pack your gear down the side of a steep cliff to the beach. There, one of the island's handmade cypress fishing boats will be waiting to take you on the long trip to the other side. Several thousand six-foot waves later, you'll pull into Pungal Bay. Buried somewhere inside one of the caves that spot the coastline, beneath one of the boulders thrown there by the winter storms, is our treasure. It has been waiting patiently for you since August 1, 1970.



Loch Ness. It's its feroziness and then close the few miles to Loch Ness along General Wade's Military Road until you get to the tiny hamlet, Dures. You will be at the northeastern tip of the 24-mile loch. There's a small inn in town when you can enjoy a Canadian Club and get a good description of the monster from the owner. He and the lady who works with him have actually sighted the beast. In back of the inn, about 250 yards straight out from the dock looking toward Tar Point and about 30 yards off the perpendicular shore to your right, we dropped a sealed, watertight case of Canadian Club.



Bigfoot's feeding ground. Deep into the Cascade Mountains in America's Pacific Northwest lurks a massive 8-foot-tall, 500-pound humanoid they call Bigfoot. The banded case lies smack in the middle of his feeding ground, about the same number of miles south of Canada's Good Hope Mountain as it is north of Bluff Creek in California. Somewhere between 6 and 9 miles from the peak of a dormant volcano you'll find an unnatural pile of broken green rocks. From the top of this pile walk 65 paces east to a stream. Turn and walk 70 paces south. Exactly 11 inches below the virgin forest floor at your feet lies that case of Canadian Club.



Every year courageous men and women respond to the Canadian Club challenge and follow its invitation to new experiences in exotic places. But the flavor of those exotic places can be sipped from a glass, comfortably, at home or in the local tavern. Taste the smooth, light flavor of Canadian Club and taste the spirit of adventure.

Canadian Club
"The Best In The House"™ in 87 lands.



The classic shirt company brings back the classic shirt.

The button-down shirt enjoys the same reputation among shirt styles as Arrow does among shirtmakers.

Always valued. Always tasteful. And today, more popular than ever.

As you might expect, Arrow has taken this classic

and added some classic touches of its own.

A seven-button front. Exact sleeve and neck sizes. And patterns and colors to go with whatever style of fashion you go with.

The button-down shirt is available from any shirtmaker. But for a classic version? Go to Arrow.

➤Arrow➤

America's Shirtmaker

der so Jimmy could win the 12s." Stockton is 1½ years Connors' senior. He did not oblige.

Past puberty, however, a funny thing happened to Dick Stockton. He woke up one morning and all his joints were too short. He was suddenly six feet tall—and growing. Athletes who elongate early—their bones racing ahead of other parts—become prone in the late teens and early 20s to muscle pulls and tendon traumas and the related discomforts of a misspent development. Stockton's heavily muscled legs have been in the shop often since he turned pro at 21. He has had chronic back problems, with spasms. In repair, he has worn rubber corsets, spent time in traction and submitted to acupuncture (which "cured the spasms"). He has also been open to suggestion.

The only good part of such a problem is that maturity—the muscles and tendons catching up—often solves it, albeit late. Stockton, at 26, appears to have reached that point. Though still not free of occasional back pains, he says he never felt better than he has this year. Of Philadelphia, where he beat Connors in a grueling five-set final by winning 12 of the last 15 games, he says, "I never played better, either."

Being healthier, not to mention more confident after what has already been his best year, Stockton said before the final in Dallas, "I'm prepared to stay out there all night to win if I have to." In earlier matches, he almost had to. He took four sets and was close to a midnight supper before beating Cliff Drysdale, and five more (and past midnight) in beating Vitas Gerulaitis in the semifinals. Against Gerulaitis, he conceded a point, refusing to accept a bad call by a demurring line judge, and then refused a point forfeiture when the 30-second clock caught Gerulaitis "talking" with another judge. His magnanimity won over the crowd, which cheered his comeback from 1-2 in sets but could not help him get to bed before 3:30 a.m. "Nevertheless," he said, "I actually felt stronger as the match progressed." Looked stronger, too.

Connors got to the final by whipping Adriano Panatta and Eddie Dibbs in straight sets. At a subsequent press conference he wore three delicate necklaces (jeweled crosses and pendants, "gifts from friends, hee-hee"), while bestowing prodigious winks and glowers and occasional soft burps on his audience, allowed

that "tennis is fun for me now." This, he indicated, is because he no longer has to ask mom for money, and because he has all these other terrific diversions, like contracts for his autograph line of shoes and shirts, and can, at 24, afford to "do a lot of nothing. I'm not getting any younger," he reasoned. Well, it's not all that fun, he admitted. He has to be in court this week in New York to defend a lawsuit brought by ex-agent Bill Riordan. Riordan wants 15% of some of that money that is making tennis fun for Connors.

In any case, Connors said, "Dallas is exciting because it's something new." And, indeed, he was "not messing around—I'm taking it seriously. I'm taking care of business. If you'll notice, I came to town alone."

Connors did, in fact, play brilliantly in the preliminaries. Dibbs said, "Jimmy is attacking more than I've ever seen him." With Wimbledon and Forest Hills to come, Jimmy was also attacking his conditioning. After beating Dibbs, he didn't even stick around to scout Stockton, preferring to "go back to my room, get a massage, have a couple beers and watch television."

Connors vs. Stockton made a classic confrontation, Clown prince vs. stoic, Champion little man vs. challenging big man. At 6' 2½", 180 pounds, Stockton was the biggest player in the tournament, Connors the slightest at 151 pounds. Connors does not beat anybody with his serve. He does it with tenacity, quickness and with stinging, deeply hit ground strokes, especially off his two-fisted backhand. He has always hit his forehand a little flat, and the tendency is to attack him there, make him run to it. So much for vulnerability. He actually makes fewer errors, on the average, with his forehand. And, of course, he is at his savage best when the chips are down.

As a quick knockout artist, Connors said he would prefer getting Stockton over with quickly. "The longer the match goes, the less I will like it," he said. "But I know what it is to play five sets." He accepted Stockton's recent triumphs ("It wouldn't be any fun if I won all the time"), but said he did not consider him a growing threat, "just another guy I play. A very serious, very intense opponent." He grinned. "But I think I can make him smile if I want to."

Connors got his smiles, but mostly he coaxed from Stockton the resolve

that marked his earlier matches. There is no telling how much those marathons had taken from Stockton. "One night of sleep out of three isn't bad," he said, but whatever was left Connors slashed from him with a barrage of exquisite pressure shots that broke open what one British television commentator heralded as a "thundering he-man's match—tennis in boxing gloves."

Stockton won the tense 58-minute first set in a tie breaker, chasing Connors wide with aggressive first and second serves and boldly attacking Jimmy's service. But Connors got the match's first service break in the second game of the second set, and Stockton's play abruptly flagged. He began hitting one loose shot after another, spraying them around the court's perimeter, and Connors' superior quickness made Stockton look tired and weak. From then on it was all Connors.

The winner got \$100,000 for his time, plus a redundant \$1,000 wardrobe and a diamond pendant for his lady. The tournament drew record crowds—capacity of 9,000-plus at SMU's Moody Coliseum for the semifinals and finals—and was well handled. The WCT format still leaves a lot to be desired, however. Not all the best players participate in every one of the 12 preliminary tournaments, and some do not participate at all. Bjorn Borg pulled out in January, "breaking a promise," said Hunt. Connors himself had never played in it before. "But I've heard a lot about it," he said grandly. Hunt perked up Jimbo's ears by guaranteeing him \$750,000 just for playing in the WCT series. Because Jimmy's WCT earnings after last weekend totaled \$258,123 for the year, that meant only \$491,877 would have to come out of Hunt's deep pocket.

The WCT's place in the overall confusion of professional tennis' *sarata* and *subsarata* is, nonetheless, hard to fix. Even the players don't seem to have it quite figured out, except when the nitty-gritty is applied. For example, Dibbs, when beaten by Connors in the semis, did not fancy having to stick around for the solitary third-place match on Saturday. He wanted to go home.

"What's the difference, anyway, between third and fourth place?" he asked. "Eight thousand dollars," he was told. "I think I'll stay," he said. Eddie won the \$8,000.

Tennis marches on.

END

A hero who has gone on to Happy Valley

While the sun shone bright on my old Kentucky home, Bill Hartack, the rider with the finest record in the Derby, had a single sorry mount at a Hong Kong track

This is merely a footnote to the Kentucky Derby, something midway between the headlines and nostalgia. It is, to be sure, nothing significant. But somehow it is very vivid, and so it seems worth the telling.

I was with Bill Hartack on Derby Day. Oh, I didn't speak to him. I had met him only once, and on that occasion he was in a whirlpool and at some social disadvantage. He could not have been more civil; I remembered to call him Bill. But he doesn't care to speak to writers, and so, on this Derby Day, I don't suppose I would have intruded upon him even if I had had the opportunity. I didn't. The closest I came to him was several yards,

when he was on a horse in the paddock. He only had this one mount, 70 to 1, in the first at Happy Valley, the front end of the double. Happy Valley is the track in Hong Kong. Yes, on Derby Day Bill Hartack was riding Hong Kong.

And this is the point. Willie Shoemaker, 45, is still riding the Derby, and Eddie Arcaro was there, riding shotgun with Howard Cosell, and Isaac Murphy and Earl Sande are at peace in their graves and in the Hall of Fame, but on Derby Day 1977, Willie Hartack was riding Hong Kong (yes, Willie, and he damned the one last time), and it should never be forgotten that no one ever rode the Kentucky Derby like this boy.

He and Arcaro are the only jockeys with more than three winners. They have five apiece. It took Arcaro 13 mounts to make his five. Hartack did it in his first nine (and had a second, too). This is like Chamberlain averaging 50 points for a season, Units throwing touchdown passes in 47 straight games. These things will never be done again. And yet, here is Bill Hartack riding Hong Kong on Derby Day.

I had heard he had gone over there with his tack, and so I checked the Happy Valley entries when I got in. Races are held Wednesdays and Saturdays. And there he was, up in just this race, the worst event on the card, bar one. Hartack was on Viking, a 6-year-old bay mare owned by the Seaward Woos and trained by Ng Cho Lam. She had finished 11th last time out, at a distance more to her liking. It hardly seemed worth the journey to Happy Valley, but then I remembered that Saturday was Derby Day. Saturday was Hartack's day, and so I went, drawn as much by the irony as by the greedy assurance of a hunch bet. From the mainland I took the Star Ferry over to Hong Kong island, walked past the rickshaws and caught a shaky old double-decker bus to Happy Valley.

continued



Eight years ago, when he was 36, Hartack won his last bouquet of roses (his fifth in nine attempts) on Majestic Prince

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I thought to myself: What is Willie Hartack doing in Hong Kong today? He should be in Louisville. The 1957 Derby would have been enough to ensure his place in history. Riding Iron Liege, he stole that one on the rail by a nose from Gallant Man, Round Table and Bold Ruler. Venetian Way in '60 was next. Hartack held him just off the lead and then routed outside in a drive. Decidedly in '62, he brought him from way back, 10 lengths off the pace. Northern Dancer in '64: he rated him for a mile, took a good lead and then staggered home by a neck with left-hand whipping. Majestic Prince in '69 he beat Arts and Letters and Brazito Baza in a duel through the stretch. Each one different, each one superbly executed. No one else ever did it so well when it counted the most. You can tell me about Babe Ruth in Yankee Stadium and Big Bill Tilden at Forest Hills and Jesse Owens in Berlin, but don't stop until you have told me about Willie Hartack at Churchill Downs.

What is he doing in Hong Kong on Derby Day?

Happy Valley sounds like a place rich people visit to dry out in Fairchild County. Once, I suppose, it was a bona fide valley. Well, it is still a valley, but it is full of high rises and other eyesores. The track, with its seven-tiered grandstand and an infield full of chewed-up soccer fields, seemed about as Oriental and exotic as Liberty Bell. The place was jammed. There was no breeze in the valley, not a zephyr, and it was about a million degrees Celsius, not counting the humidity, if you are one of those who like to say, "It's not the heat, it's the humidity." I thought of the day in 1959 I saw my first Derby, when it came up 94°, the hottest ever. I looked it up when I got back to the States. Hartack was there that day, too, on a horse named Easy Spur. It was one of the rare times he ran out.

But as hot as it was in the paddock in Happy Valley, all the men with badges appeared very cool. And they were in suits. The only men at the track in suits were the officials, and they looked the most comfortable. Everybody else, in short-sleeved shirts and whatnot, was sweating like a bandit. The guys in the paddock in suits and ties, with sandy hair and French shoes and binoculars around their necks, looked as though they were at Ascot in September. Or in Manicoba,

for that matter. I bring this up because it made me feel at home. I had noticed it in America, too. No matter how hot it is at a racetrack, the people in suits in the paddock never sweat.

And then I saw Hartack. He was standing in line with the other jockeys, P. F. Yu, K. S. Ho, P. Gumbleton, C. C. Chan and so forth, ready to weigh out. He was at 128, a middling figure at Happy Valley. A lot of horses were carrying more than 130. The weight was one reason he went to Hong Kong. It gets tougher to take it off as you get older, and Hartack is 44 now. It was a long time ago that he came out of the mines of Pennsylvania. Now he was laughing with an attendant by the scales. He looks good laughing, although he rarely has been noted for humor. But let's not go into that here. You probably know all about his history, how he always fought everything and everybody. If you don't know all this, never mind. It doesn't matter anymore. Except, of course, I had to think: If you had learned to laugh, Willie, if you had learned to go along more, if . . .

Why is Willie Hartack riding Hong Kong on Derby Day?

He has a bald spot now, but he wears his hair much as ever—a little wave in front. Hartack was a dead ring for Frankie Avalon at a time when that counted. He looks as cocky as ever, and amidst so many Orientals, taller. I suspect any jockey would like that. Just a guess.

His silks were crisp, checks of violet and white, and he posed by all the cool gentlemen in their suits, stood with the trainer, Mr. Ng, and awaited his mount. Viking was a quiet little thing, wrapped in an odd bright-orange girth. Hartack mounted nimbly and rode her out of the paddock. As he departed, I called after him (one American to another). "Hey, Bill, you should be in Louisville today," but he was some distance away, and if he heard, he paid no notice. He took Viking onto the turf and galloped her toward the starting gate.

The fans gave him no special attention. Hartack is just another journeyman. This was his 96th ride of the Happy Valley season, and he has had only seven winners. Seven for 96, the same guy who is five for nine in the Kentucky Derby. He was 17th on the local list. G. W. Moore was the leader with 41 winners. T. O. Lau was the hot apprentice, riding

the favorite, Fortune Stream, in this race.

I don't understand why great athletes struggle on past their prime. But if Bill Hartack wants to ride 70-1 shots in Hong Kong, is it my place to question his decision? Would it be any better, really, if he were riding 70-1 shots at Santa Anita? I felt no better about Henry Aaron letting himself be exploited at high prices as an American League curio for two seasons, or Muhammad Ali, still officially the champion, permitting himself to work half a vaudeville bill with other pugs. But then, people still pay to see Arnold Palmer miss another cut, or to watch Billie Jean King play teen-agers on a minor league tour. People are attracted to greatness even when just the shell is left. Sometimes I wonder why a guy like Namath doesn't sell advertising space on his shoulder pads and hang on that way. Is it the money? The attention? What possesses these stars to go on and on, soiling their glorious nobility? I remember when even Stan Musial wouldn't leave, and Jimmy Cannon, ever melodramatic, wrote, "Your name is Stan Musial, and all your bats are broken." Well, your name is Willie Hartack, and all your rides are made in Hong Kong.

And so, on Derby Day, Hartack took his only mount into the gate, the No. 11 post, field of 13. They run clockwise in Hong Kong, and Viking broke well enough and stayed in the hunt, somewhere in the middle, the first time past. The race was 1,800 meters, something over a mile. The going was firm. As nearly as I could make out from the form sheets, Viking liked the turf soft and the distance shorter. Form told. She began to fade and struggled up the incline on the back side. What can I say? She ran like a muskrat. On the front, Fortune Stream with the big boy just got nipped by Extra Profit, M. C. Tam up Good Dosh. A. K. Cheam riding, was third. Viking ran dead last.

The last time I saw Hartack ride in the Derby he was on Warbucks. He finished last to Secretariat. The last time Hartack had a mount in the Derby was 1974. He was 11th. That will be his Derby valedictory, unless someone with a good 3-year-old and a sense of drama brings him back.

What is Willie Hartack doing in Hong Kong on Derby Day? He should be in Louisville, Kentucky.

Chris Marlowe, a 25-year-old volleyball player with the steel jaw line of a television detective and a mop of hair to rival Farrah Fawcett-Majors', is not the shy, retiring sort. Friends recall the time they were partying it up in a Portland, Ore. hotel room, batting a volleyball around with little concern for lamps, mirrors or other bric-a-brac. A buddy returning from an errand came in and Marlowe, with exquisite timing, spiked the ball toward the opening door. It caught his victim smack in the forehead, only it turned out to be not his friend but the hotel manager, who had come up to stop the noise.

When Marlowe was playing basketball at San Diego State, the team traveled to the University of Hawaii for a game. As part of a special promotion, fans were asked to wear hats. At a crucial point a Hawaii player had a technical foul called

The Big Cy wasn't one bit shy

Chris Marlowe sneered and snarled as always, but his team lost the Nationals

on him and the irate fans responded by bombarding the court with hats. A brand-new straw boater slid to a stop a few feet from the San Diego huddle.

"I knew in my mind what I wanted to do," says Dick Davis, Marlowe's San Diego coach. "So when Chris got a mischievous look on his face and said, 'Step on it, Coach, step on it,' I did. The crowd really blew." Davis cackles at the memory. "The guy has got a special kind of leadership ability."

Others describe Marlowe differently. His volleyball teammates, for instance "He's just the Big Cy," says one. "It's short for Cyclops and I don't know how it came about, but it doesn't matter because everybody thinks it's psy for psycho. Cy does things his own way, like nobody else on a volleyball court. He's also completely obnoxious out there."

Marlowe has charisma in a sport that badly needs it, and he is also the key man on what has been the best amateur team in the nation the last couple of years—Maccabi Union of Beverly Hills. Marlowe is Maccabi's "quarterback," a setter who puts the ball up above the net in perfect position for the spikers to pulverize it. He also hits the ball himself, blocks and plays excellent defense when the rotation takes him to the back row. And he snarls at the other teams through the net. Marlowe is one of the truly accomplished snarl-ers in the sport.

With Marlowe providing completely obnoxious leadership and winning the most valuable player award, Maccabi won the United States Volleyball Association championship last year in Schenectady, N.Y. Two weeks ago it won the AAU title in Honolulu. The final game

was televised, but Maccabi spoiled the show by drowning the local favorites from the Outrigger Canoe Club 15-0. Last week in Hilo, Hawaii, Maccabi finished second in the USVBA championship, but Marlowe and teammate Paul Sunderland were named to the All-America team.

"In my opinion Chris is the best amateur setter in the United States," says Maccabi Coach Richard Scott. "Marlowe is the only guy who can get the U.S. into the Olympics in 1980," says another coach. "He just has to marshal himself, and control his emotions. He likes to go in short bursts. We don't have another setter with his capability."

Marlowe also seems to have enough ham and hot dog in him to stock a butcher shop. When the squeeze bottle full of water is passed during a time-out, Marlowe takes a big gulp, then pretends to wash out each ear. When a certain play works three times against a frustrated blocker, Marlowe gestures that the same play is coming right at him again.

But if Cy Marlowe is a ham, he comes by it naturally. His father is actor Hugh Marlowe, currently seen on the TV soap opera *Another World* and once heard as Ellery Queen on radio. The younger Marlowe wants to be an actor, too, and is studying at two acting workshops while supporting himself by tending bar at a restaurant in Westwood, near the UCLA campus. So far he has resisted joining the Professional International Volleyball Association. "It's not that much money," he says. "I could probably get \$10,000, but I'd have to give up my job and my lessons. I'm committed to my acting career right now."

So far Marlowe's one part has been in a beer commercial with five of his pals, working up a volleyball thirst. His teammates, who love to razz him, insist that he didn't make one good set during the taping because he was always looking at the camera instead of the ball.

Marlowe grew up in Pacific Palisades, Calif., an affluent seaside section of Los Angeles that is the richest volleyball area in the U.S. He was an all-city basketball star at Palisades High and played on the 1969 high school volleyball team that sent players to UCLA, UC Santa Barbara and San Diego State, the three powers in the sport at the time.

Marlowe went to San Diego State on a basketball grant-in-aid but was short for a forward and slow for a guard, and

continued



Actor Hugh Marlowe's son is an All-America



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as a result was only a part-time starter. In time he paid more and more attention to that other round-ball game invented by that other YMCA instructor in western Massachusetts, and eventually he played on the San Diego State team that won the school's first and only NCAA volleyball title in 1973, the first time UCLA had failed to win it in its four-year history.

Besides Marlowe, there was plenty of other talent around to keep the fans hopping from one court to another at the USVBA Nationals in Hilo last week. Wilt Chamberlain, a winner twice in his 14-year NBA career, even found himself on another championship team, Sir Dal Rae Nicks of Beverly Hills, which won the senior men's title.

In the women's open the favorite was Addas of Garden Grove, Calif., a well-heeled team that arrived with a coach, an assistant coach, a trainer, a PR man and, it seemed, a set of new uniforms for every match. Three of the stars were from USC's collegiate champs, and most

of the rest are planning to enroll there. You see, the Addas and USC coaches are one and the same—Chuck Erbe, an authoritarian who subscribes to the Oriental school of volleyball sacrifice and hara-ken workouts.

Unfortunately for Erbe and his young, dedicated athletes, they were beaten twice by the aptly named but sponsorless South Bay Spiders of Hermosa Beach, Calif., a good team made much better by the addition of a 6'5" member of the U.S. national team, Flo Hyman. Hyman, a student at the University of Houston, is one of the few blacks in top-class U.S. volleyball. Many volleyball officials in the U.S. feel that if more black athletes took up the sport, the U.S. would be more competitive with Cuba, Japan and the other world powers. The thought of a Julius Erving, a David Thompson or a young Wilt Chamberlain spiking for the U.S. is indeed appealing.

Last Saturday in the Hilo Civic Auditorium, the final match in the men's division was between Maccabi Union and

the unbeaten team that had knocked Maccabi into the losers' bracket, Chuck's Steakhouse of Santa Barbara, Calif. Chuck's was a fine team, it was clear, if only because it had two Palisades High grads in the lineup, plus the NCAA player of the year, USC's Celso Kalache. Maccabi jumped off to a 12-4 lead in the first game but was behind 14-12 when the eight-minute clock ran out.

The second and final game, which Chuck's won 14-9, featured a classic sneering-snarling exchange between Marlowe and Dave Olbright of Chuck's. Olbright blocked a Marlowe spike and sneered "I'll never forget the look on Marlowe's face when I blocked him," said Olbright. "I'll remember that for the rest of my life." On the next play Marlowe snarled and almost drilled the ball through Olbright's chest.

At the tournament-ending luau Saturday night there were a few boos when it was announced that Marlowe had made the All-America team. Perhaps his future in acting is as a villain.

END

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Byrne, as in blazing

Top high school runner Kevin Byrne is fast closing in on a four-minute mile

His legs are short, with knobby muscles like those of a soccer player, not those of a miler—or so they say. But 17-year-old, redheaded Kevin Byrne is the best high school miler in the country, an excellent two-miler, a very good half-miler, a good quarter-miler and a fair high jumper. This past indoor season he won all five of the individual races he entered, and his team won all four of the relay

races he anchored. In January, at the Philadelphia Track Classic, he won the prep mile in 4:08.0. One week later he took the Millrose Games' high school mile in the same time. According to the *Track & Field News* rankings, the next best high school miler in the country is Dirk Lakeman of Eugene, Ore., who has run a 4:09.4 outdoors. In February, Byrne ran an 8:59.7 indoor two-mile, which was the fastest in the country until Brett Hoffman of St. Petersburg, Fla. did 8:54.9 last month, also outdoors.

Kevin is a master of pace. Anchoring his Paramus (N.J.) Catholic High team in the distance medley relay at the Eastern States Championship on Princeton's 220-yard indoor track last March, he got the baton 80 yards behind the leader. He won by 10 and his split was 4:07.4, the best high school mile leg of the season. He did not panic and rush off foolishly

when he got the baton, as a lot of runners would, seeing themselves so far behind. "I figure out what shape I'm in," Kevin says, "and how fast I'm capable of going. I plan the first three quarters, perhaps a 62, a 2:04 and 3:06, and I take it from there. They'll all die for me." Kevin was still 25 yards behind the leader with a quarter mile to go, and did not go ahead until 150 yards out. "I waited for seven laps," he says. "If I had gone out too fast, I would have died."

Kevin runs anchor on three relay teams for Paramus, the distance medley, the two-mile and the mile. And even though he is usually far behind when he gets the baton, he likes to compete in relays. He likes to come from behind, he likes to give half a dozen runners a huge lead and then reel them all in. He likes hearing the crowd cheering for him, not the leader. "I probably wouldn't know what to do if I got the stick with a lead," he says.

Hugh Monahan, also a redhead, who hands off to Kevin in the distance medley and in the two-mile relay, says, "We run as fast as we can. If we give him the baton nine seconds behind, we know we can win." And quarter-miler Phil Sciallappa says, "Knowing that he can pull it out takes the pressure off us."

There are times, naturally, when Kevin does not pull it out. Then he does not blame the team, he blames himself. "Sure, if I come back from eighth to second," he says, "they tell me, 'great race,' but I feel disappointed with myself. I have failed."

Such was the case three weeks ago at the Penn Relays. Because of Kevin, Paramus was the pre-race favorite in the distance medley, in which the legs are 800, 400, 1,200 and 1,600 meters. He had tried and failed to pull out this race for his team on two previous occasions, and this would be his last chance to do it as a high school runner. Hugh Monahan was supposed to hand off to Kevin with a 6:01 time for the team after 2,400 meters. From there Kevin planned to run splits of 60, 2:03 and 3:05. But Hugh, who was suffering from the flu, ran his leg in 3:13 instead of his expected 3:11 and Paramus was in 11th place when Kevin got the baton. This time he did not heed the clock in his head and simply took off. He finished in 4:04.1, the equivalent of a 4:05.5 standing-start mile. Still, he was third, some 10 yards behind

continued

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Vince Mutarelli, a junior from Mount St. Michael of New York, who was caught in 4:11.

Mike Glynn, 32, who has coached track at Paramus Catholic since the school opened 11 years ago, calls Kevin "the best high school runner this country has ever had. He had a better indoor season than even Jim Ryan [the high school record-holder with a 3:55.33] had in 1965; he went under 4:10 four times. Sure, he hasn't run a sub-four-minute mile, but I think he has a great future, and I'm not going to jeopardize it just so I can say I had a kid who went under four."

Kevin spent his first two high school years at Bergen Catholic, a fierce rival of Paramus. As a sophomore at Bergen, he had run a 4:15.6 mile at the Millrose Games, finishing second in a photo finish with Marty Ludwowski of Cherry Hill, N.J. "Before that race," Kevin says, "I had no pressure on me. Then suddenly, everybody was asking, 'What's he going to do next week? I had a real letdown. For a while I didn't run any 4:15s. I ran three races a meet each week. In my sophomore year I ran a total of 65 races."

Kevin transferred to Paramus because, he says, "There was a lack of communication between me and the coach. I was a 15-year-old kid thrown into stardom and there was nobody to talk to. I had met Coach Glynn at meets and I could talk to him. Besides, there are girls at Paramus."

When Kevin came to Paramus, the first thing Glynn did was cut him down to 40 races. Then he taught him to hold his elbows lower so that he would not tie up in his neck and shoulders. But most of all, Glynn worked on rebuilding Kevin's confidence.

"We made mistakes at first," says Glynn. "We made a lot of predictions, and when Kevin didn't deliver, he was all upset. He kept a log, and if he missed a day of training, he would panic. There was so much pressure that I woke up mornings thinking about him instead of my own son. Last summer I decided we had to change that. I made him throw his log away. We stopped making predictions. He was to have fun running. This winter Kevin competed in nine indoor races, when he could have run in 30. It was a drastic change from what people have done with superstars in the past. The old theory was to run them as much as possible."

Last November may have been a turn-

ing point in Kevin's running career. At the state cross-country championship, Bobby Siehl, a two-miler from Morris Hills, set a very fast early pace. "It was 2:04 at the half on the way to a three-mile," says Kevin. "I couldn't handle that. I thought, 'I'm going to lose this race.' I stayed with Bobby for another quarter and dropped out. I told Coach Glynn that I had pulled a muscle."

"Bull! I don't believe you," is what Glynn said. "Tell me the truth. Think about it on the way home. If you have the courage to tell me what really happened, you can become the greatest runner in the country."

When they got to Glynn's home, Kevin had tears in his eyes. He said, "Coach, I'm in trouble." Glynn put his arms around the boy and said, "Your troubles are over." Kevin says, "He made me understand that I'm not a robot. That I'm going to lose sometimes, no matter how good I am."

Glynn would like to see his 5'9", 145-pound runner about five pounds lighter, but given Kevin's proclivity for cookies and cakes he bakes himself, Glynn may be hoping in vain. Kevin often spends an evening baby-sitting for the Glynn's two children, and rummaging through the refrigerator "I tell him where the oranges and the apples are," says Glynn, "but my wife Lorraine stocks up with ice cream and RingDings." Glynn points out that it is no wonder he has to augment his salary by tending bar on weekends.

Kevin's family lives in Montvale, about 10 miles from Paramus Catholic. He is the second of four sons, three of whom inherited their father's vivid red hair. James Byrne is a vice-president of Burns and Row, Inc., an engineering company in Oradell, N.J. As a student at St. John's University in 1950, he won the freshman division of the IC4A cross-country championship. "I always bring my stopwatch when I watch Kevin run," says his father. "I call him splits during the race and give him instructions. But others call him splits, too, and once in a while he'll just get fed up and say to me, 'Stay home, I'll call you.'"

When Kevin was in grammar school he seemed destined to become a baseball player. He was selected by the Englewood, N.J. Little League team to pitch against a team from Syracuse, N.Y. He was All-State New Jersey at 14. But one day, when he was in the eighth grade,

his older brother Brian, a 4-19 high school miler, took him along for a run. Soon afterward, Brian managed to enter Kevin in a dual meet at his brother's high school where he beat all the ninth-graders in a 2:16 half mile. When Kevin enrolled at Bergen, he still wanted to concentrate on baseball, but he ran cross-country that fall. He also ran indoors, clocking a 2:04 half in a relay. When spring came, Kevin signed up for baseball. "Then, one Monday morning," he says, "I woke up with the decision that I would go out for track instead. I don't know why."

There was never any doubt in Kevin's mind that he would become a miler, even though he was successful in four distances and also as a high jumper, flopping six feet in his freshman year. "He feels the mile is the class event," says Glynn. "The mile gets all the ink. He likes that."

"Marty Liquori was my hero," says Kevin. "He's from Jersey. I've been compared to him a lot. People say, 'Kevin ran a 4:08 indoors; Marty only did 4:13.5.' Kevin graduates on June 3. His first big outdoor mile will come in the Golden West Invitational in Sacramento on June 11, which traditionally features the top high school runners of the country. "Liquori did 4:08 in that race as a senior," says Byrne, "and a couple of weeks later he ran a 3:59.8 in the AAU senior championship."

A B+ student in English and economics, Kevin will enter Georgetown University this fall, choosing the school from among 70 that offered him scholarships, because it has a good economics curriculum as well as a good track program. "I'm not going to be running my whole life," he says. "Besides, it will be exciting to live in Washington, D.C., where I can have a nice social life."

There are some 140 medals, 25 trophies and six watches in Kevin's bedroom, and the walls are decorated with track pictures and clippings. A magazine cover shows Filbert Bayi running his 3:51 world-record mile at Kingston, Jamaica in 1975, and there is a cluster of clippings about John Walker, the Olympic 1,500-meter champion and current mile world-record holder. "I figured Liquori was over the hill," Kevin says, "so I had to find someone else to emulate." Over Kevin's bed, however, hangs an enlarged photograph of himself falling at the tape in the 1975 Millrose photo finish. "To remind myself that no one wins all the time," he says.

END

Make him 38 and one

The bell rang, Bobick stepped out—and became America's great white hopeless

When it was all over, with Duane Bobick on his feet but in no condition to go on and with Kenny Norton bounding about the ring as though he were on a pogo stick, it seemed that there had been an extraordinary amount of fuss for just 58 seconds of fighting. That is, if you care to call what happened in Madison Square Garden last week fighting. Granted, the outcome was supposed to be secondary to the big prize awaiting the winner, wasn't it? Norton will now get \$2.25 million by fighting Muhammad Ali for the world heavyweight champion-

ship this September in Brazil, won't he?

Forgive the hollow laughter. Ali, who had watched the fight on television at his Landover, Md. training base, was not about to climb into a ring against Norton again, this fall or indeed anytime soon. He had other plans.

"Hmmm," mused Ali, who would soon go on TV himself to demonstrate the proper way to make a Spanish omelet. "now I think it would be nice if Norton fought Jimmy Young. Then I will fight the winner of that fight."

There was an explanation why Ali's camp waited until the Norton-Bobick fight was over before announcing that boxing's finger had once more written a contract in the sand and, having written, moved on. If Bobick had won—an outcome Ali badly wanted—the champion would have kept the date in Brazil. However, as you noted on television, unless you blinked, Bobick is no Ken Norton.

Apparently it is Ali's belief that the most he can ask of his old bones is to carry him through one more tough fight, and he is in no hurry to make such a punishing request. Not when he can pick up a million now and then fighting Raggedy Andys like Alfredo Whashinname. the

Spaniard out of Uruguay en route to oblivion. "Norton didn't beat nobody," said Ali, who knows a nobody when he sees one in the ring.

Until the pre-fight hype swayed a few minds, that had been the assessment of Bobick, the gentle 26-year-old ex-Olympian. Thirty-eight victories over 38 has-beens and never-will-bes doesn't get you out of elementary school. Sooner or later, if you are ambitious, it can get you killed. If you're going to leap into white water, you shouldn't spend all your time in a wading pool.

Against the inexperienced Bobick, Norton was a raging torrent. Bobick's best weapon is unending pressure: he plods in close and stays there, banging away relentlessly until the other man falls, usually from exhaustion. So Norton came out sideways, like a crab, expecting to meet the oncoming Bobick with a hook and an uppercut. Only Bobick never came.

"I'm always a slow starter," Bobick sighed later. "I guess I started even slower than usual."

Surprised, Norton moved in, probing with a right to the body. He watched Bobick's eyes. When they moved to follow

continued



Surprised by Duane Bobick's lack of aggression, Ken Norton abandoned his light plan, stunned him with a right and began whaling away



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the course of the body punch, Norton unleashed a seemingly wild overhand right. It only seemed wild; it is one of the big punches in Norton's repertoire. It thundered against the side of Bobick's head, sending him reeling backward. A savage when the fight is going his way, Norton stormed in after his stunned opponent.

He smashed a left hook and a right to the body; another right speared the head. Then Norton drove a right uppercut against Bobick's Adam's apple. Gagging, his eyes tearing so that he had difficulty seeing, Bobick staggered back toward his corner.

Going full bore, Norton rained overhand rights to Bobick's head. Barely conscious, Bobick fell. Struggling, he forced himself upward, sagged for a moment, then, as the count got to nine, he lurched to his feet. His mouthpiece was more out than in. His eyes were squinted, almost closed. After studying the hurt fighter carefully, Referee Petey Della started to wave Norton in. Bobick staggered and almost fell again. That's when Della

wrapped his arms around him and said,

"The fight is over, son."

"I'm all right," Bobick protested, his voice a painful croak.

"No," Della said, "it's over."

For Bobick, it's back-to-school time. As Norton had pointed out earlier in the week, although the youngster from Bowls, Minn., had a solid foundation, someone forgot to build the next two floors. And it will be a tougher school than the one he has been attending. The teachers will be the Ron Lyles and the Earnie Shaverses as the hard men with the master's degrees in violence. If Bobick survives them, he'll be back. He is young and strong, and he believes in himself.

Meanwhile, Norton is still waiting for Ali, but he's hardly optimistic. His manager, Bob Baron, has asked the WBC and the WBA to force the champion into a fight. "I'll believe it when I see it," growled Norton.

Removed from title consideration for the moment, Bobick accepted his defeat without excuse. He assembled his family

and went off to a scheduled "victory" party at the Riverboat on the Empire State Building.

"The real defeat would be if I went off somewhere and hid," he said with a voice that belonged on a lily pad on a pond back home in Minnesota.

The headliner at the nightclub was Bobick's manager, who had opened with his Smokin' Joe Frazier Revue the night before the fight. A few minutes after Bobick arrived, Frazier appeared on stage and asked, "Has Duane Bobick arrived yet? Hey, Duane, come on up here. You don't have to sing. Rome wasn't built in a day. Come on up here."

Bobick came out of the crowd. Red and blue spotlights picked up his small smile. As he walked across the stage, Frazier said to him, "I love you, man."

In that strange croak, Bobick said, "I'm a frog, but if you kiss me I'll turn into a prince."

A frog? As a fighter, perhaps. As a human being, Bobick is already a prince.

END



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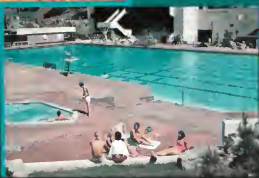


SCHOOL OF SOFT KNOCKS



BY RICK TELANDER

Overlooking Malibu's movie colony, Pepperdine University sparkles like a country club. Only problem: critics fear it may also be overlooking study for sport



CONTINUED

PEPPERDINE

continued

Dr. William S. Banowsky, the athletically built 41-year-old president of Pepperdine University, gestures at a vista that includes school buildings, mountains, stars, big-city lights and the Pacific Ocean. He is about to respond to a question that has to do with hypocrisy—a practice that Pepperdine has lately been accused of. Indeed, in recent years Pepperdine has been accused of many things, including willfully turning itself into a sports factory at the expense of loftier educational goals.

"Look out there," Banowsky says grandly. "The lights of Los Angeles and Malibu against the ocean—absolutely spectacular, isn't it? I've been to a lot of places. I was at the French Riviera last summer, but it can't compare with this. Our land here goes from sea level to 1,700 feet. That development property off to the right is divided into half-acre lots, and each lot goes for between \$60,000 and \$100,000. This is the most beautiful place in the world."

As a minister in the Church of Christ, a columnist for the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* and a former Republican National Committeeman from California, Banowsky is well versed in the meaning and usage of words. His reply, evasive as it may seem, approaches policy at this post Southern California university: when in doubt, show them the campus.

It is true that the school is visually stimulating to the point of making one forget hard realities. Everything is clean and vivid. The students are the embodiment of good taste. There are no campus guerrillas, no wild-eyed poets, no Indian headbands, no unbuttoned shirts. "I would say the basic Pepperdine student is a middle- to upper-middle-class white who is not too intellectual, owns his own car and is sort of wanting to bust out," says student newspaper editor Don Risolo. "The males are about six feet tall, tan, with blond hair and mustaches. The girls are fashion-conscious, good-looking, chic and tend to wear tight

slacks." Because everyone lives, eats and socializes with everyone else, and because most Pepperdine students are active in intramural and beach sports, the appearance of the student body is one of decided healthiness.

The vision of wholesomeness is somewhat deceptive, however, for in recent years Pepperdine has been beset by a number of internal problems, which caused President Banowsky to occasionally show people the campus rather than respond to their questions.

There have been problems with money (as a result of a vociferous protest, professors received a small salary increase for 1976-77); the school was investigated by the State Attorney General's office for alleged improper funding and shady financial deals, but later cleared; and there has been criticism for "abandoning" the original Los Angeles campus following the move to Malibu in 1972. There have been complaints about the burgeoning size of the school (Pepperdine's enrollment at all schools, including a branch in Heidelberg, Germany and one in Orange County, has risen from less than 3,000 a few years ago to 9,000 today) and about its future as a Church of Christ-affiliated institution. And there are those who are unhappy about the athletic escalation.

When he founded the school in 1937, the late George Pepperdine, president of Western Auto Supply Company, visualized nothing so grand. A millionaire and a devout member of the Church of Christ, he wanted to establish a private liberal arts "Christian college" loosely affiliated with his church. He created a small, tacky campus in southwest Los Angeles, dotted with palm trees and a thousand or so students, financially stable but largely uninspired intellectually, esthetically or athletically.

But when the university opened the campus at Malibu, the famed home of surfers and movie stars, conditions changed. Now, perched like a white bird



several hundred feet above the Pacific Coast Highway and the surf, Pepperdine visually declares itself ready for the big time. Academically, it is beginning to move that way. Esthetically, it needs a few more trees. Athletically, it is there.

In the 4½ years it has been at Malibu, Pepperdine's success in sports has been phenomenal. Earlier this month the men's volleyball team, with three U.S. National Team members, finished third in the country. Last year the baseball team won its third consecutive West Coast Athletic Conference crown, a dominance that ended with the formation of the Southern California Baseball Association, a tougher league. The new balance is reflected in Pepperdine's 18-24 record so far this season. Four members of the 1976 team are now in the majors. This month the tennis team won the WCAC title for the fifth straight time and is ranked eighth in the nation. The 1975-76 basketball team, led by 6'10" Brazilian Marcos Leite, had a 22-6 rec-

The student body is upper middle class and the setting, says one, resembles a "resort equisuary."



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER READ MILLER

Behold Pepperdine, says President Bancroft, a monster who doubles as the school evangelist

ord, won the conference title and made it to the West Regionals of the NCAA championship before losing to UCLA. (This season the Waves were 13-13 and came in sixth in the conference.) Last fall the water polo team, in its second season, was ranked seventh in the U.S.

The women's teams, formed just two years ago, are also on the move. The volleyball team is representative. Because of its progress in just one year, it did not participate in the AIAW national small college tournament held at Pepperdine last December. The women were so good they were allowed to play in the major college tournament in Austin, Texas, in which they finished fourth.

continued



PEPPERDINE

continued



Aboard houseboat: Coach Colton and wife



Satisfied with the setup: Flinthe Ray Williams



The Pied Piper of Watts: Coach Lefty Porter

Pepperdine's athletic achievements are even more amazing when one considers that the enrollment at Malibu is a mere 1,834, and only 886 are men. "We're really like most other small colleges," says Sports Information Director Bob Rose, a 1975 graduate of the school, "except that our athletics are way out of line."

College sports being primarily a game of recruiting, Pepperdine's "show them the campus" approach has been eminently successful. The vacationlike atmosphere, says Rose, "has a tendency to speak for itself." Basketball star Flinthe Ray Williams, a sophomore guard from the inner city of Los Angeles, chose Pepperdine over 150 other schools, including USC, UCLA and Oregon State. "Coming out of a ghetto, man, this is heaven," he says, smiling into the azure sky outside Firestone Fieldhouse. "If I had friends in New York, man, I'd send them pictures of me lying on the beach."

But even a campus in paradise can't be a guarantee of athletic success these days, and Pepperdine is quick to point out other favorable factors. "I don't believe we've ever cheated in any sport to get an athlete," says Basketball Coach Gary Colton. "But I do think we have one of the best coaching staffs in the entire country." Colton's teams have won 300 games; Volleyball Coach Mary Dunphy is a former All-America and member of the U.S. National team; women's Volleyball Coach Patti Bright is an Olympian; Larry Riggs, son of Bobby, coaches tennis; and Patty Meyers, sister of the Milwaukee Bucks' Dave Meyers, coaches women's basketball.

Pepperdine also has fine facilities—the sparkling field house, a 50-meter outdoor pool (not to mention the beach), and playing fields as immaculate as putting greens. In addition, it is near a vast recreating area and has the funds—\$600,000 spent annually on sports, without the need to support a high-budget football program. "We had a football team until 1961," says Athletic Director Wayne Wright, "but I doubt if we'll ever have one again. We don't need one."

The seed for this tiny athletic powerhouse was planted in the social tumult of the '60s. When Watts exploded in race riots in 1965, the bordering Los Angeles campus of Pepperdine was adversely af-

fected. "We never got over the shock of having been in the middle of things during the riots," says Binowsky. "The area changed, and the brethren in Bakersfield were just not going to send their children to that campus." Clearly, a new campus was in order, and when a donor offered 138 free acres of prime Malibu property, Pepperdine snapped it up.

The new campus, now named Seaver College after philanthropist Frank R. Seaver, opened to much fanfare and not a little criticism. Environmentalists were angry because three million cubic yards of dirt had been moved to provide the setting, hills were leveled and ravines reouted. Local residents were upset by the 125-foot tower featuring an illuminated cross that shone over the entire coast. Critics managed to get most of the lights toned down. Black civic leaders were indignant because they felt the school was bailing out of its social commitment to the community around the original L.A. campus. Indeed, since the move the L.A. campus has deteriorated even further. Students have complained of rats in the cafeteria, and there have been reports of prostitution and drug sales on the campus.

In contrast, the Malibu campus shines like a jewel. Further acquisitions have brought the land holdings to 623 acres, and total university assets are up from \$7.8 million in 1967 to \$70 million today. Construction is just getting started on the new Pepperdine law school, and tennis courts, parking lots and other amenities are being built. "The conservative religious angle," says Bob Rose in a not-too-reverent tone, "is great for getting money."

It is less great in getting satisfied students. Only 15% to 20% of the Pepperdine students are Church of Christ members, but everyone must follow certain church-oriented rules, and these have a tendency to chafe. No dancing is permitted on campus, and smoking is allowed only in bedrooms and rest rooms. Drinking is taboo, and even empty liquor bottles are forbidden in dorm rooms. (Rose spent one December afternoon cutting the last page out of every one of this season's basketball programs when the administration discovered it carried an ad from a California winemaker.) A dress code that does not allow halter tops, bare

continued

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PEPPERDINE

continued

feet or beach wear in the academic area is strictly enforced. There are no coed dorms, and a 1 a.m. curfew (2 a.m. on weekends) is strongly suggested for the 1,000 students who live on campus. Further, all students, athletes included, are required to take two religion courses and to attend chapel twice a week. Combined with the natural surroundings, the warm weather and the elegant Mediterranean-style architecture, the atmosphere at Pepperdine is a somewhat paradoxical one. "It is strange," says newspaper editor Risolo, "but in all my columns I always end up referring to this place as a 'resort monastery'."

Though a good many students find the school regulations too restrictive and leave after a year or two, the athletes, by and large, do not. A few players have been tossed out for drinking, and one basketball player was given the boot for streaking. But that, as senior basketball Guard Art Allen points out, was a few years ago, "back when the team was losing." The athletes who come to Pepperdine are aware of the conditions before they arrive and, overall, feel the sacrifices are worth the price. "Back home the guys chew me up for going to chapel," says Flintie Ray Williams, whose neighborhood friends include UCLA stars David Greenwood and Marques Johnson. "But, like, it's just something that has to be done."

Colson is one of the reasons Pepperdine athletes are basically content. A lean, blue-eyed man, the basketball coach hails from the Deep South and has the easygoing, street-wise demeanor of a certified good ole boy. Raised in tiny Dasher, Ga. ("It's 100 miles from Plains, but it's so small it's only there three days a week"), he played on a state championship high school basketball team whose home court was made of clay. He went on to play ball at David Lipscomb College in Nashville, a Church of Christ-affiliated school, where he met and roomed with fellow student William Banowsky, then a slugging catcher on the baseball team.

After a 10-year stint as head coach at Valdosta State (Ga.), Colson came to Pepperdine in 1968, where he encountered, among other things, a losing basketball team, crumbling facilities and a great deal of culture shock. "In 10 years

continued

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PEPPERDINE

by Leonard

at Valdosta we'd had only one black on the basketball team," says Colson, "and people weren't too happy even about that. Coming to L.A. and spending four years in the ghetto was the greatest thing in the world for me; it was worth a master's degree."

Soon Colson found he liked other aspects of Southern California life as well. Recently returned to a 23-year-old former Pepperdine coed, he owns a motorcycle, drives a Mercedes, keeps a houseboat in Marina Del Rey and cavorts with his best friend, Laker Coach Jerry West. "It's a dream," he says. "I'll be in the coffee shop over here in Malibu and Barbara Stresand will walk in and I'll go cuckoo. I'm 42 years old and I'm still in awe."

Colson believes in low-pressure, winning-isn't-everything coaching. Combined with his enthusiasm about things in general, this approach attracts prospective players. He also has a black assistant coach named LeRoy Porter, who "lives" in the L.A. school yards and knows every ghetto kid who has ever tied on a rubber-soled shoe. "With Gary, it's like we're the best of friends," says Flintie Ray Williams, echoing the sentiments of the other black players. "But Lee Porter, he's my father."

Things were not always so rosy. In 1968 Pepperdine had had five losing seasons in a row, including a 2-24 record in 1966. Because the gym was too shoddy for games, the Waves had no official home court but played wherever facilities were available. In 1968 that meant seven different sites. Recruiting was a game in itself.

"That first year—I'll never forget—we got this player named Bobby Sands," says Colson. "He'd been the MVP at the national junior college tournament and we brought him in on a day just like today—sunny, warm, blue sky. He was from Trenton, N.J., and it was snowing and miserable back home. We let him enjoy the wonderful weather and then we gave him a 30-minute visit of the campus. He came away."

Bird Averitt, a 6'1" guard now with the Buffalo Braves, was the next major acquisition. "Bird came the same way as Sands," says Colson. "He was from Kentucky, and back there it was rainy and cold and here it was beautiful. Of course,

the campus was awful, but we'd never show kids the campus till the last few minutes. We'd even try to take them at night. We couldn't get any athletes from California. We couldn't fool them. But after we knew we were moving to Malibu we used to actually bring players like Bird out here and show them this hill."

A gunner of rare proportions, the Birdman once took 51 shots in a game, earning 25 of them. In 1973 he led the nation in scoring with a 33.9 average, giving most sports fans their first introduction to the name Pepperdine.

"Bird had been a nobody," says Colson, "but once we saw how good he was we made him the man. His junior year we stacked four players on the free-throw line and had them move one way or the other. We only had two plays—'shift right' and 'clear left'—and we'd let the Bird go. He had strict instructions from me to shoot."

The next superstar was Leite, the Brazilian who led Pepperdine in scoring and rebounding in 1975-76, the school's best season since 1952, when it was 20-4. Pepperdine was 27-8 in 1946, but the opposition included such notables as Corona Naval and Twentieth Century-Fox. In 1975-76 Pepperdine upset the University of Nevada, Las Vegas when it was undefeated and third-ranked in the nation and beat San Francisco on the Dons' home court for the WCAW title.

Leite, who was the second-leading scorer in the 1972 Olympics and is now a pro in Europe, came to Pepperdine because he was seeking a small American college that played against major competition. With Leite leading the Pepperdine attack, Colson claims the only problem on court was one of communication. "Marcos spoke English," he says, "but you know how it is when everybody is excited at a game. The language has a tendency to get a little blurred and, well, colorful. So we got hold of a Bolivian tennis player for the games, he would sit on the bench with us and act as a translator. It was sort of funny, because at halftime we used to chew out the tennis player."

Colson says he'd like to latch on to some more Brazilians, but the days of fast-selling, late-night visits to the campus and designated shooters are happily at an end. With the retirement of legendary UCLA Coach John Wooden, Los An-

geles became an open city for recruiting. "We can recruit head to head with UCLA and USC right now," says Colson. "We've made deals already."

"You'll see," says Flintie Ray Williams. "From now on Pep'll get the best players from the city—from the name high schools like Fremont and Verbum Dei. LeRoy Porter is out there and, man, he's the Pied Piper." For his part, Porter claims to have top-notch city players lined up all the way through 1980.

Wayne Wright, Pepperdine's athletic director, revs the motor of his new Cadillac DeVille and slips some Grand Ole Opry music into the tape deck. A native Tennessean, Wayne went to David Lipscomb with Banowsky, Colson and several other Pepperdine administrators (Pepperdine students often snicker at the school's Bible Belt influences, and one favorite line is to call the Malibu campus "Lipscomb by the Sea"). Cruising toward a seafood house on the Pacific, Wright peers at Rose, who is seated in back. Rose, who just bought a Fiat, is visibly moved by Wright's auto. "It doesn't cost that much more to go first-class, Bob," says Wright.

More than an idle aside, the words are indicative of Pepperdine's philosophy in other areas, particularly athletics. "We do go first-class," says Wright. "Our teams stay in nice hotels, eat good food and travel first-rate. But we don't waste money. Of the \$600,000 used on our whole program, we're talking about \$400,000 just in grants-in-aid. It costs \$5,000 a year merely to go to Pepperdine. Of course, the athletics don't pay for themselves, but I think the programs are justified as an image builder. Back East I don't know how many people have heard of the Pepperdine English Department, but I'll bet they've heard of our basketball team."

The use of athletics as a public-relations device is a concept that comes from the top. To some degree it has been a Pepperdine tradition all along. "Sports are important," Banowsky has said. "They are a part of the great tradition of Greek learning in which I believe—education for the body as well as the mind. But sports aren't new at Pepperdine. We didn't move to Malibu simply so we could recruit. In the '40s Pepperdine had pow-

continued



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At Firestone Developmental Proving Ground at Fort Stockton, Texas, Firestone endlessly works at improving its steel belted radials. And it is here that the new Firestone 721 has become what it is: The experience radial.



Our new 721 steel cord. Much stronger and why.

Before we tell you some of the things we'd like to know about a few of the ways that our Radial 721 has become our finest steel belted radial tire as a result of torture testing:

Our tire gets its name from a steel cord we put together a different way than we ever did before. With each cord wound in a seven-strand plus two-strand plus one-strand method. In addition to the way we wound, we now use ten strands of steel per cord where five were before. The result is a stronger cord for tire durability.



Be glad you're not a tire.

The life of a Firestone tire is not very pleasant at Fort Stockton, Texas. We do things in our development testing you'll probably never do in a lifetime of driving, and we urge you never to try.

We drive ours at 80 miles an hour day after day until a tire fails.

We corner on different surfaces, wet and dry, and as a driver can plow cars through a road of water, overload station wagons with heavy sandbags, even purposely create blowouts by running tires over knives.



The part of a tire you never look at, we do.

But development testing isn't worth anything unless you use the results. At Firestone we not only torture a tire like our new Steel Belted Radial 721, we analyze the effects on every part of its anatomy. The tread, the sidewall, the belts, the beads.

Torture makes for peace of mind.

How can you have more peace of mind and take advantage of what we learn at Fort Stockton? By remembering that the safety of any tire depends on a lot of factors - on wear, road inflation and driving conditions.

Our peace of mind comes from knowing we've done and are constantly doing our part, torturing tires in every important way we can think of to make them work hard and long and well for you.



Ask a friend about

Firestone

...and ask your dealer
about the new Firestone
Steel Belted Radial 721.

PEPPERDINE

continued

erful track teams, after World War II we had good football teams. Successful recruiting is just a byproduct of our move."

There are those at Pepperdine who wonder if the sports program is actually as innocent as that, if it isn't really the beachhead by means of which Banowsky planned all along to lead a hesitant school into the future. "You've got to admit that one way to make a place an example of high-quality education is to get a good athletic reputation and then get better students," says Assistant Athletic Director Laurie Billes. "I mean, for a while there we were getting students I don't think should have been in college."

"Another thing sports have done here is create an atmosphere of success throughout our whole campus," says Wright. "Last year our baseball players went to Arizona and got absolutely killed—they lost by a total score of 36 to 5 in three games. They were almost afraid to come back on campus. The fact that all the other teams were doing so well really put the pressure on them. So what did they do? They went on to the best record ever in WCAC, 16-2."

Wright sets out on a new tack. "Right now, when every college is facing a tremendous monetary struggle, one of the first things you have to do is lower the cost of recruiting. Well, we're right next to Los Angeles, the greatest sports hotbed in the nation. We don't have to travel to get our kids anymore. Most Southern California kids want to stay in the area. They like the climate and the fact that they have a greater chance to advance in pro sports. We may have as many as 15 or 20 major league scouts at a home baseball game, and I've sold kids just on that."

What with the increasing costs of running a major college sports program, when will Pepperdine have to taper off? "Well, the Board of Directors has given us constant endorsement because they continue to approve our budgets," says Wright. "So like in this new women's thing—we've only got three sports, so I say, let's win it all. Why not? I mean, we started women's basketball last year and, frankly, I was embarrassed by the whole thing. If we're going to have these sports, let's elevate them. I think our job is just to keep asking for money, to go as far as we can. Just how far that is, I honestly don't know."

One Monday at the all-school chapel in the gymnasium, Dr. Howard White, the executive vice-president of Pepperdine, follows the hymns with a short lecture on the values of discipline in education. He then moves on to another important topic: sports. Wright gives him two checks, representing proceeds from last year's volleyball and baseball games, and White thanks him graciously. "We spend a lot, but we bring in a lot," he tells the crowd, to a smattering of applause.

White, who has missed only three basketball games in 10 years and is considered the school's No. 1 fan, says, "Last year we finished in the top 20 in the nation in volleyball, basketball, baseball and tennis. I think this is very important. And now women's sports are really moving." He looks around. "Let's have the women's volleyball team stand up."

Throughout the gym, tall, bashful, muscular young women arise. In their daily workouts in the already overcrowded gym, the girls run, dive, grunt and sweat in total dedication. Male jocks standing in the wings often can be seen nodding in approval. The students applaud. "And now let's have the men's varsity basketball team stand up." More shuffling, more applause. And chapel is over.

Since the opening of the Malibu campus, Banowsky has set himself up as the one man responsible for whatever Pepperdine has become. A dynamic, complicated spellbinder, Banowsky is seen by the faculty and administrators as something of a law unto himself. "He runs this place like a dictator," says Rose. "A good dictator, though."

Donations from wealthy conservatives, some of whom have never even seen the campus but like the concept, have kept Pepperdine afloat through hard times. "I'm not like Oral Roberts, who can collect on TV," says Banowsky. "We need our donors. The conservative business community gives us money because they like our image—because we don't have hippies and Maoists and Marxists and Angela Davis. They say, 'We like what this school turns out.' I don't see hypocrisy in that."

Like most private universities, Pepperdine is hardly out of financial difficulty, and there is constant debate over certain of its priorities. For instance, despite the

substantial athletic budget, full professors at the Malibu campus average only \$17,150 for a two-trimester period. But Pepperdine's policies have been set for a reason. "I like sports," says Banowsky by way of explanation. "When I was growing up in Texas you proved your manhood through sports. You didn't play the trumpet. In college I was on a baseball scholarship. I was a pretty good catcher-outfielder, and I batted cleanup. I held the record for the most triples in a season. Did Colson mention that? He didn't? Well, a lot of them were actually home runs in which I got thrown out at the plate. I'm very slow." He chuckles softly at the image of 20-year-old Bill Banowsky sliding through a cloud of dust into a waiting catcher's mitt.

Clearly Banowsky has not underestimated the power of sports. Back in the president's house, in which no other president has lived, he sits behind a make-to-order desk hewn from a single oak log.

"Sports mean color at a university," he says, thumping the log. "They mean life, campus personality. Colleges tend to be fragmented, but sports give a sense of the whole. You can never get people together in one place, in one direction, like at a ball game. In the university business there is a constant struggle to state your appeal, to give public notice. It just so happens that newspapers have whole sections on sports. They don't have sections on airplanes. They don't have sections on museums or punos. They have sports sections. That's how things are. America is sports-crazy."

Is Pepperdine, then, as some have said, a sports factory first and an academic institution only as a sideline?

Laughing and shaking his head, Banowsky leans back in his chair. "No, no. No. The academic priorities come first. Sports go first. What I have always said is that as long as we can have guns and butter we will have guns and butter. If we are forced for economic reasons to cut back on anything, we silence the guns. We keep the butter."

Pepperdine's president looks at his watch and, noting the time, indicates that he has other business to tend to. Outside the night is fresh and warm. In the quiet one can almost hear the guns of sport echoing and reechoing through the canyons of Malibu.

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As I Did It

by JERRY COALE

BEFORE HITLER ABASED THE SWASTIKA, BOYS TOOK ON AN ORDEAL TO WEAR IT

Scrub pine, aspen and khaki army tents covered the hillside that sloped down to a blue mountain lake. Midway up the hill stood a flagpole, with 100 uniformed boy scouts surrounding it. Old Glory had just been raised. Suddenly, the scouts came to attention again and extended their right arms, palms outward, in a salute. The bugler triple-tongued a call. Up the pole to a place just below the Stars and Stripes they carried a black flag with a white swastika.

This was in the mid-1930s, when I was 17, and most of us, in our youthful innocence, still regarded the swastika as an American Indian symbol. The emblem of the Order of the White Swastika was the equivalent of the Congressional Medal of Honor for the scouts who went to Camp Russell in Woodgate, N.Y. A scout had to be somebody special, to do something truly outstanding in the judgment of his leaders and his peers, before he was voted into the order. When a boy had proved himself, and had gone through the order's solemn initiation, he felt that he had accomplished something really worthwhile.

Then, invariably, he would aim for something even more worthwhile—elevation to Second-Degree White Swastika. Second-degree scouts were a proud breed; they were the doers, the ones we all knew would be leaders in college and in later life. To join them, a scout had to go through an entire summer of sacrifice. My buddy, Gene Palmiter, and I picked as our second-degree project the carving of a pair of totem poles. We called them "Hippocrocolons," because each had the head of a hippopotamus, the body of a lion and the tail of a crocodile. For hours each day, while other campers swam, played ball, hiked or loafed, Gene and I went at two big logs with mallet and chisel. One hot, mosquito-infested afternoon, I said what we had both been thinking. "Suppose after all this, we don't get voted in?"

"That's not the point," Gene said.

"We're supposed to do something that'll benefit the camp. Whether or not we get in, we've done something."

I agreed with him. But there were nights when I lay awake and wondered if I could survive such a disappointment.

Finally we finished our Hippocrocolons and learned that the second-degree braves were in council. The next day, a counselor named Frank took me aside. "Be at your tent after retreat," he said. "Don't tell anybody, even your partner." I nodded, wondering if Gene had made it, too.

When Frank came for me, the scouts I lived with were at a songfest in the mess hall, and I was alone in the big conical tent. "Just your blanket and moccasins," he said. "Strip down and put away your clothes." When I was ready, he blindfolded me and led me down a hillside trail. I could hear water lapping when we finally stopped. I recognized the camp director's voice. "From now on, candidates, you must observe the silence of the Indian brave," he said.

I felt something gross being applied to my face, then someone guided me out onto what seemed to be a wooden dock. "Step down," Frank said, "and grab the gunwales." I stumbled blindly into a canoe, almost upsetting it, and crouched in the bottom, feeling water against my heels. Frank climbed in after me.

Ten minutes later, he beached the canoe on sand. Once more he led me along a trail, this time for about 20 minutes. Then he took off the blindfold. We were in a clump of aspen; I could hear their leaves rustling in the breeze. There was a trace of purple in the western sky, but otherwise it was dark.

"Listen carefully," said Frank, who was now wearing a blanket, moccasins and an Indian headdress. "You will stay here until the sun makes one full circle. Tomorrow at this time, we will come for you."

I nodded, careful not to break silence. "You will sit beneath this tree," Frank continued, indicating a large paper birch that towered over the aspen. "You will not stand or lie down. You will not sleep, eat or drink. Is that clear?"

I nodded again. "If anyone should come, you are not to speak to him under any circumstances. If you disobey any of these

conditions, you will find your own way back to camp and disqualify yourself." Frank drew his blanket tighter around him. "There are no exceptions. Let no threats or coaxing influence you." I nodded again. He raised his hand in farewell and walked off through the woods.

I sat under my white birch and studied the terrain. To my left was an open meadow, where in the twilight I saw a grassy knoll that looked like a ghostly Indian burial mound. To my right, the ground sloped down to what must have been a stream. I leaned back against the tree, then pulled away as if it were red-hot. There was no point in taking a chance on dozing off. The thought crossed my mind that perhaps someone was watching me from a concealed vantage point. It gave me the creeps.

They could not have picked a more uninteresting stretch of woods. Obviously, there had been a fire here years ago, and the birch was the only tree that had survived. Afterward aspen and bracken fern had taken over, as they do after conflagrations in the Adirondacks. No doubt there were blueberries too. Then I remembered that I had not eaten much dinner. The cook's meat loaf was never one of my favorites, and I had planned to buy some candy at the canteen, but I had forgotten to do it.

I tried not to think about food, but my salivary glands wouldn't cooperate.

continued



In self-defense, I forced myself to dwell on the story of my life, starting with the first thing I could remember—the time, at age three, when my father and I had our tonsils removed at the hospital together. When I got to the present, I estimated that half an hour had elapsed.

It was pitch black now. No moon or stars. And quiet. I heard a branch snap, and the hair stood up on the back of my neck. I froze, hardly breathing. Probably just the wind. Or maybe a bear. Or a man. I couldn't see a thing.

It was quiet again, and I resumed breathing. I thought about Gene. What a great partner he'd been. He'd done more than his share and kept up my spirits. Many times I had been sure that we'd ruined our totem poles. But Gene, who had the vision to see them as they would be, refused to concede failure. Was he too sitting out a lonely vigil? I hoped so.

There was a crashing and stomping off to the right. This time it had to be a bear or something just as big. What would it take to scare me away from my post? I

didn't want to die for my second-degree. Someone coughed behind me, and I almost jumped out of my skin. It was Frank. "Scare you?" he asked.

I shook my head. He wasn't going to trick me into talking. He sat down next to me and took a sandwich from beneath his blanket. I watched him bite into it. "Hungry?" he said.

I nodded, and he took out another sandwich, neatly wrapped in waxed paper. "Here, this one's for you."

I shook my head, and he looked at me strangely. "Look," he said patiently. "I'm offering it to you. It's O.K. to take it!"

I shook my head more decisively, and he stood up, saying, "You stupid fool! You don't think I'd squeal on you!"

I shrugged.

"Then go to the devil!" he snarled. He threw down the sandwich and stalked off through the trees. It was the first time I'd ever known Frank to lose his temper. But I knew that if I had taken the sandwich, it would have been all over.

The sandwich lay within reach. I

wouldn't have had to move from my sitting position to pick it up. That reminded me that my buttocks were beginning to hurt, particularly where an exposed root was digging into them. I shifted position a little, and it helped. It must have been a salami sandwich, because I could smell the garlic. My mouth watered.

I attempted to force myself into a state of torpor. I had already counted to 1,000, named the starting lineup of every team in the American League and tried to remember the capitals of all the states. Now I simply didn't want to think any more. But how did prisoners pass the time? They slept, read, ate, drank, walked, talked, all things I was forbidden to do.

Finally, long after I had despaired of ever seeing daylight again, the sun came up. Thanks to the clearing, I'd soon be able to estimate the time. Back at camp, the other scouts were probably having bacon and eggs. I was starving. The sandwich lay where Frank had thrown it, ants swarming over the waxed paper. I turned away, my stomach doing flip-flops.

continued

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AS I DID IT continued

At about noon, I promised myself that if I ever got through this day, I'd never be alone again—never complain about food and never go to bed late. Staying awake was getting to be an ordeal. I couldn't stop yawning. Despite my best efforts, my eyelids were starting to close. I very likely would have dropped off to sleep, if it hadn't been for a terrible crashing and sweating in the underbrush that jolted me.

A burly farmer walked up to me, carrying a shotgun. "What in hell are you doing here?" he yelled at me. His little pig eyes burned from one of the fleshiest, reddest faces I'd ever seen. I huddled there, wishing I could disappear into thin air. He pointed his gun against the rice, then stood over me, massive legs apart, callused hands on his hips. "Don't you know how to talk?" he asked. "Are you crazy or something?"

I looked at him imploringly. But he shook his head and said, "Halt naked, sitting here all painted black and red. You got to be some kind of nut!" He grabbed his gun. "Get the hell off of my property right now, and I won't turn you in to the state troopers. O.K.?"

I felt my face and looked at my hand. Black and red. I must look weird. I looked him in the eye and shook my head. I was scared, but I couldn't take the chance of being tracked. "I ought to kill you full of buckshot right now," he said roughly. "But I'll be back with the troopers and they'll take care of you. The judge'll make you talk all right. Now don't you move from this spot, or I'll shoot you, sure as I'm standing here." Then he went crashing off through the woods.

I spent the rest of the afternoon fearing that the farmer would return, but he never did. Finally the sun set, and I knew the end was near. Right after dark, Frank came. He smiled, held out his hand and said, "Shake, you made it!" I remained seething.

"Come on, you can get up now." This time I believed him and stood up. We shook hands, and I felt very proud of myself. I had endured. I had passed the test of Indian manhood.

Frank blindfolded me, and we went back to camp. There followed a session in an authentic Indian sweat lodge with hot stones and cedar branches, with cold water poured over the rocks to make the most fragrant steam I had ever smelled. I was still blindfolded, but I could sense the presence of my fellow inmates. The

continued

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AS I DID IT continued

ceremony was simple and touching. Now we were second-degree members of the Order of the White Swastika.

Off came my blindfold, and I saw Gene grinning at me from across the fire. One of the leaders painted swastikas on our chests so the whole camp would know about us tomorrow morning. Then we feasted on sandwiches and cocoa and filed silently back to our tents.

Camp closed down three days later, and we all went home. Gene was nursing a cold he'd picked up. A week later, I started my senior year at high school and noticed he was absent at roll call. His mother phoned to ask me to visit him in the hospital. The cold had turned into a sinus infection.

I went down to see him, and we spent an hour recalling the summer. "See you back in school," he told me as I left.

But I never saw him again. A week later, I came home from school to be met by my mother, sad-faced and troubled. "Gene died today," she said.

Antibiotics were unknown then. Gene's sinus infection had spread to his spine. It was hard to accept, and doubly hard to tell his parents what a real friend he had been. So I just choked up and shook hands with his dad and put my arms around his mother. I went to his funeral, puzzled that God had chosen to take one so happy and promising.

Four decades and three wars have passed since Gene and I carved our Hippocrocolons and sat out our lonely 24-hour vigils. Yet our accomplishment remains fresh in my memory. I still feel proud that I had measured up as a second-degree brave. Soon after I was initiated, the Order of the White Swastika had a new name, because the Nazis had debased the old one. Sadly, the noble Indian symbol will never have the same meaning again.

Why do I, at this late date, break silence on our ritual? Partly in tribute to Gene. And partly because I believe there is a precious ingredient missing from the life of today's American boy. Amid the television sets and comic books, too many cars and too few chores, teen-age pregnancies and drugs, just plain decent kids do not have enough to strive for. It may sound corny, but there were good old days when a boy was proud of what his body and spirit could endure. I'm proud of the guts and idealism that got me into the order, and I wish there were more of it in today's youth.

END

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SEEDLING LEFT TO RIGHT -

Duane Johnson, Nuremberg, Germany; Daniel, Valentine, Healdsburg, CA; Wichita, KS; Eamon Johnson, Co-Captain, Tucson, AZ; Lanning, MI; Tommy Baker, Co-Captain, Jeffersonville, IN; Jeffersonville, IN; 1977 Schweitzer Tournament Best Player; Coaches Award, Tracy, CA; Plant Potch, H.S., Rustonville, MD; Don Collins, Berlin, Germany.

Eight McDonald's® High School Basketball All-Americans, and four of the best U.S. high school players residing in Europe. They're the ones who joined together to represent our country in the past April's ninth biennial Albert Schweitzer Tournament in Mannheim, Germany.

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McDonald's salutes the persistence and dedication of the 1977 Albert Schweitzer Champions, who showed as much class in representing our country as they did in competition.


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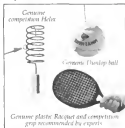
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It has been said that Zimm Zimming reduces weight, develops a sense of humor and improves one's disposition. (Unless one has just been beaten by one's 10-year-old.)



That is what they say about it in all those other countries. Goodness knows what Americans will make of it. Something stupendous, we expect.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week May 9-15

PRO BASKETBALL With Bill Walton's one-and-done bid finally a reality, the Philadelphia 76ers' season in the NBA is under way. In the Eastern Conference Finals, the 76ers defeated the Philadelphia 76ers 3-1 in the Eastern Conference Finals, 115-110. Mike Samuels, who had 10 points, coming off the bench, and Mike Miller, who had 10 points, coming off the bench, led the 76ers to victory. The 76ers' victory was a 115-110 win over the Boston Celtics. The 76ers' victory was a 115-110 win over the Boston Celtics. The 76ers' victory was a 115-110 win over the Boston Celtics.

BOXING The 1984 Olympic champion, KEN NORTON, scored a 12-11 victory over the 1984 Olympic champion, KEN NORTON, in the 12-11 victory over the 1984 Olympic champion, KEN NORTON.

GOLF BEN CRONIN, who won the 1984 U.S. Open, won the 1984 U.S. Open, in the 1984 U.S. Open, in the 1984 U.S. Open.

BASEBALL The Boston Red Sox won the 1984 World Series, in the 1984 World Series, in the 1984 World Series.

HOCKEY The Boston Bruins won the 1984 Stanley Cup, in the 1984 Stanley Cup, in the 1984 Stanley Cup.

WRESTLING The Boston Bruins won the 1984 Stanley Cup, in the 1984 Stanley Cup, in the 1984 Stanley Cup.

NOTOR SPORTS The Boston Bruins won the 1984 Stanley Cup, in the 1984 Stanley Cup, in the 1984 Stanley Cup.

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FACES IN THE CROWD



EARVIN JOHNSON
Lakers' point guard. Johnson won the 1983 NBA Finals MVP award, leading the Lakers to a 4-2 victory over the Celtics in the 1983 NBA Finals.



LAUREN LACOSTE
Lacoste's first-year player. Lacoste won the 1983 NCAA Championship, leading the University of Texas to a 76-65 victory over the University of Kentucky in the 1983 NCAA Championship.



KEITH HENTHORN
Henthorn's first-year player. Henthorn won the 1983 NCAA Championship, leading the University of Texas to a 76-65 victory over the University of Kentucky in the 1983 NCAA Championship.



JOHN ROSEBAKER
Rosebaker's first-year player. Rosebaker won the 1983 NCAA Championship, leading the University of Texas to a 76-65 victory over the University of Kentucky in the 1983 NCAA Championship.



MIKE SCHIAVONE
Schiavone's first-year player. Schiavone won the 1983 NCAA Championship, leading the University of Texas to a 76-65 victory over the University of Kentucky in the 1983 NCAA Championship.



TERRY MUSIAL
Musial's first-year player. Musial won the 1983 NCAA Championship, leading the University of Texas to a 76-65 victory over the University of Kentucky in the 1983 NCAA Championship.

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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE ORION EATER Sir,

Thank you for your article on Rick Barry (A Splendid Warrior Who Knows His Owns, May 9). Not only is he the best passing forward in the NBA, but he is also the most complete forward ever to play the game. His so-called "antics" on the court with referees and opposing players can be justified because he is a true superstar striving for a win—and Rick Barry would do anything within his power to win. This is why I truly admire him. Neither the Warriors nor basketball will be the same when he retires.

CHRISTOPHER JERILKO
Lancaster, N.Y.

Sir:

Rick Barry is not only the finest passing forward ever to play the game, but he is also the finest overall player. I was one of those who used to believe scoring points was everything. Following Rick Barry, I've learned "to play the game from a total concept." If anyone has influenced my play and made me a better player, it is Rick Barry.

About the off-court Barry when he was playing for the New York Nets, in 1971-72, I met him for just a moment after a Nets-Virginia Squires game but I'll never forget it. He took the time not only to shake my hand but also to talk to me. It means something when your favorite player does that and appears to enjoy doing it. Rick Barry is a splendid person just as he is a splendid player.

BORIS STALLINGA
Smithfield, Va.

Sir:

Ron Fimrite must be crazy stating that Rick Barry is the best passing forward in the NBA. He's one of the most selfish players ever to set foot on the court.

DAVID JOHN ZINVELL III
Eric, Pa.

Sir:

If Barry were the best passing forward ever in the NBA, the Warriors would still be in the playoffs. Since he isn't, and they aren't, Barry should have all the time he needs to perfect slicing onions.

C. S. WOLFF
Ithaca, N.Y.

Sir:

I have been a basketball fan for years and Barry is clearly the best forward in pro basketball. He can do it all—pass, steal, shoot, defense—just about everything but sell popcorn at halftime. I think he deserved the Most Valuable Player award the last three years. I just don't understand why all the talk is about Jul-

ius Erving and George McGinnis when Barry is the best, bar none.

TOM JAMISON
Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Sir:

All I hope is that he doesn't retire, at least not for a couple of more seasons.

NEIL BERGREN
Synder, Okla.

LUCAS VS. BIG E Sir,

I don't know what statistics Curry Kirkpatrick was using when he said that Maurice Lucas "had the best year of any power forward in the NBA" (Couple of Babes in the Woods, May 9). But it certainly wasn't any of the following, all of which argue that Elvin Hayes of the Washington Bullets, who had the best all-round year of his career, clearly outshined him. Hayes, the NBA's most man this year as he led the league with 3,364 minutes played, had a higher scoring average than Lucas (23.7 to 20.2), a higher rebounding average (12.5 to 11.4), a higher field-goal percentage (.501 to .466) and a decided advantage in blocked shots (220 to 56). Rating the two players in these key categories, I think it is fair to say that although Lucas had an excellent year, Hayes had an even better one.

STEPHEN J. LADD
Chicago

UNDER THREE FLAGS Sir,

Is Reggie Jackson the first-ever major-leaguer to make SF's cover three years in a row in three different uniforms: Oakland A's (1975), Baltimore Orioles (1976) and as a New York Yankee (1977)?

RICHARD S. HUENNEKENS
Riverside, Calif.

• Yes—ED

ATLANTA TRANSPLANT Sir,

Your article on Jeff Burroughs (Reborn as a Brave New World, May 9) was inspiring to a Braves' fan like myself. Burroughs will knock in the runs but the Braves' pitching will have to come around before Burroughs can become a game-winner. When you're getting beat 23-9, one player is not going to be able to carry the load. But despite what's been happening lately, the Braves do have potentially fine pitching with Andy Messersmith, Dick Ruthven and the veteran Phil Niekro. So look out for the Braves if they start pitching well.

JOE MADAGAN
Charlotte, N.C.

continued

Yesterday

by GEORGE GIFE

UMPS REALLY TOOK SOME LUMPS AND BUMPS IN THE EARLY DAYS OF BASEBALL

After years of suffering in silence, baseball umpires have started to speak out against fan and player abuse. It's about time, but lest the arbiters get the idea that their troubles are the product of some relatively recent social malaise, they should know what umps faced in the 19th century.

Joe J. Ellick should be one of the big heroes of Umps Lib, if only because he wrote the first national article describing the hazards of calling plays during the early days of professional ball. The article, entitled "Experiences of a Base-Ball Umpire," appeared in *Lippincott's* magazine in 1886, the same year that marked the beginning—and end—of Ellick's umpiring career.

As a 30-year-old former ballplayer and manager, Ellick should have known better than to get into the business of umpiring games. Born in Cincinnati, he broke into organized baseball in 1875 at the age of 19, played almost every position and managed Chicago of the Union Association in 1884. In those years he surely learned that umpiring was no job for the thin-skinned, mainly because this was the era when only one ump was assigned to a game and made every decision regardless of whether or not he had a clear line of sight.

Complicating the lone umpire's task was the determination of players on both sides to win by any means, which frequently meant confusing, intimidating, or even physically abusing the umpire. "Our catcher trod on the umpire's feet with his spikes and shoved his big mit in his face so he couldn't see the play," wrote Giant Manager John McGraw after he retired. "While playing third base for the Orioles, I evolved the little trick of hooking my hand inside the belt of a base runner on third when a fly was hit to the outfield. In this way I could prevent him from getting a quick start in an attempt to score after the catch. A lot of runners were thrown out due to the time

this lost. As there was only one umpire in those days and he had to watch the play in the outfield, it was easy to get away with the trick."

John Heydler, president of the National League from 1918 to 1934 and an umpire before the turn of the century, wrote, "The things they would say to an umpire were unbelievably vile and they broke the spirits of some fine men. I've seen umpires bathe their feet by the hour after McGraw and others spiked them through their shoes." Still another ump, Tom Lynch, recalled a game in which an irate Washington grounds keeper, following a decision unfavorable to his team, unleashed two dogs he kept chained to the clubhouse. Several players armed with bats saved Lynch from being torn to pieces.

Despite such working conditions, Ellick became a National League umpire in July 1886, making his debut in a game between Detroit and the Senators. "It was my misfortune," he wrote, "that this proved a very close contest." It was also his misfortune that Ellick failed to notice a runner "cut third base while my attention was attracted to a play at first base." The oversight allowed the continuation of a Detroit rally that resulted in a 5-4 victory for the visitors.

As soon as the game was over, Washington fans began scaling the fences in an effort to get to Ellick. Only a quick response by several policemen and Senator players prevented violence, but the rookie umpire was considerably shaken.

The next day Detroit won a 13-1 laughter, but the third game of the series was again close and, wrote Ellick, "The crowd was noisier and more brutal than ever." After Ellick had been escorted from the field by Washington police, National League Secretary N. E. Young decided not to risk the young man's health again. "Dear Joe," he wrote in a note delivered following the game, "after witnessing the dirty conduct of the mob today, I thought best to send you to Philadelphia, rather than keep you here for three more games to receive such unjustifiable abuse."

In the City of Brotherly Love on July 31, Ellick made a first-inning call against the Phillies. "No sooner had my decision been given than pandemonium seemed to be let loose," he wrote. "Howls and hisses rent the air. Blasphemy and obscenity were hurled at me. Kindly threats were made to mob and kill me.

And this was kept up during the entire nine innings. . . . After the game a portion of the audience rushed upon the ground. One man went so far as to raise his arm to strike me, but his courage failed and the police took care of him." According to *The New York Times*, the Philadelphia police were "compelled to draw their revolvers to keep the crowd from doing Mr. Ellick bodily harm."

Young promptly transferred Ellick to New York, where Cap Anson of the visiting Chicago White Stockings continued the harassment. Then it was on to Boston and Chicago, where Ellick decided to give up umpiring while still in good physical shape. When he returned to hometown Cincinnati, he was received as one who had come back from a foreign war. "My friends welcomed me cordially. . . ." he wrote. "Some of them, indeed, had expected that I would return bruised and battered and broken up; but I showed them that I had gone through all my moving accidents, all my hairbreadth 'scapes without receiving a scratch."

Thus ended Ellick's career. Although he was obviously too sensitive for the job, Ellick was not the only umpire to quit after receiving verbal and physical abuse. Heydler succumbed in 1898, and Tim Keefe ended an 11-season career in 1896, calling baseball "absolutely disgraceful."

Under such conditions, it was understandable that a few umpires lost their self-control and handed out nearly as much as they took. Tim Hurst, whose career extended from 1891 to 1904, was perhaps the most colorful—and belligerent—ump of his era. While working a game in Cincinnati in 1897, he received a bottle across the cheek. Picking it up, he promptly hurled it back into the stands, where a citizen named John Carnyvelles took it flush on the forehead. Hurst was bounced for "conduct unbecoming an umpire," then reinstated after the annual league meeting in November, when a collection was taken up by the owners, and \$75 awarded to Carnyvelles for his inconvenience.

Hurst was not so fortunate seven years later. During an argument with Eddie Collins, Hurst decided he had taken enough and stopped the discussion by spitting in Collins' eye. That ended his career for good, but not before he related why umpiring was worth all the abuse. "You can't beat the hours," he said. "You can't beat the hours."



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19TH HOLE continued

Sir

As a Texas Ranger fan, I am glad to see Burroughs doing well in the National League. The trade that sent him to Atlanta was good for both clubs. Jeff would not be having that kind of season in Arlington Stadium simply because the wind there had him psyched out.

REGGIE COE
Arlington, Texas

HE WUZ ROBBED

Sir

Jim Kaplan is wrong in asserting that Baltimore Outfielder Tom Shopay's home run against Detroit was his first in the major leagues (BAMBLEBLE'S WILK, May 9). In fact, Shopay hit two for the Yankees as a rookie in 1967. What could be meaner than taking away two home runs from a guy who only has three in 10 years?

JACK RAY
Baltimore

DE GUSTIBUS

Sir

I think the man in the article *At the Other End of the Rainbows* (April 25) is kind of strange. Any person who would stand in the street outside a ball park, just to catch home runs, is missing something. I can understand the feeling you get catching a home run hit by one of the big names in baseball, but when it comes to catching a ball and maybe getting hit by a car, I'd much rather have a ball player just autograph a piece of paper for me.

TIM LYNCH
Portsmouth, N.H.

ON THE PLUS SIDE

Sir

I'd like to know where Peter Gammons got his information about plus-minus figures (Staring Their Cave, May 9). He says that Larry Robinson of Montreal was plus-107 (when he was on the ice, the Canadiens scored 107 more goals than they gave up), which is probably true, considering he played most of his time behind the Lafleur-Shutt-Lemieux line. However, Gammons also says that "the next best defenseman in the ratings finished with a plus-47." My understanding is that Moose Dupont of the Flyers was plus-59 for the season. Who's right?

TED MORATZ
Desert Hill, Pa.

• Robinson finished the season at plus-120, ahead of teammate Serge Savard at plus-79. Dupont was fourth with plus-57. —ED

ON THE TRACK

Sir

In your article on the Drake Relays (A New Generation of Blues Fans, May 9), you sight a fine athlete, sprinter-harder Mike Robertson. Granted, Harvey Glander and Johnny Jones have earned their world-class recognition. However, Robertson is co-holder of the national high school record in the 120 yards of 13.2, but he also was co-holder of the high school record for the 220-yard dash at 20.6.

In addition, in, with a 9.2 100-yard dash—all of this during his senior year in high school. Furthermore, how could Robertson's victory in the 100 meters over Glander and Jones be described as "unfortunate"? With Robertson's credentials, I doubt he will "fade out of the sprint scene." Why blame his rising to the occasion on the Drake Relays Blues?

DAVID WALGREN
Elon College, N.C.

BOWLING ALONG

Sir

Mike Berlin certainly did look like a pro at Firestone (Shark Attack at the Riviera, May 9). But he did not pick off the 3-6-10 split because the 3-6-10 is not a split.

HARRY SOLOMON
Worcester, Mass.

HORSEBACK GAME

Sir

Congratulations to Robert Cartmell for an excellent article and an overdue tribute to a remarkable athlete, Cecil Smith (The Cowboy Who Showed 'Em, May 9). I became a polo fan while living in the Chicago area and heard many stories of Smith's achievements from aficionados at the U.S. Polo Association and the Butler Sports Complex, both located in Oak Brook, Ill. Here's hoping Mr. Cartmell and SI will cover the Gould Cup matches next fall. Polo fans will be forever grateful.

NEL J. WEITMANN
Millersville, Md.

MOUNTAIN MEN

Sir

I am an avid hiker, but my mountain-climbing aspirations are strictly vicarious. Naturally I was drawn to the photograph of K2 and the accompanying article by Galen Rowell (The High Road to Failure, May 2).

I've wanted to know more about this expedition ever since I first read about it being planned two years ago. What a refreshing change from the heroes (even gods) usually encountered in accounts of mountain conquests! Rowell depicts the climbers as real, fallible human beings, giving them an extra dimension that makes his journal more than simply a report of an assault on a mountain.

RU TH LEWART
Holmdel, N.J.

LIABILITY

Sir

Your discussion of the increasing liability problems of football-helmet manufacturers (SCORECARD, April 4) ended with the question: "With no helmets, can there be football?"

The answer is yes, and although the game would obviously be different, it would also be safer. Many football injuries (high school football has a higher injury rate than this country's most dangerous occupation, coal mining) have occurred because of the gradual change in the function of the helmet from protective device to offensive weapon.

continued

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Tough Test #2.

Push a Cold Button and the temperature drops to zero degrees. In just a short time you and the test car are sitting at the North Pole freezing your fenders off. This is how we test the operation of



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I'm not saying Test #3 is hot... but you put an egg on the roof and it's gonna fry.

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10TH HOLE continued

Football is considered so dangerous today that the presence of a physician at games is required at most levels of competition (How many activities in life are that dangerous?). However, the liability insurance problems of the football-helmet manufacturers also plague the medical profession. The ancient philosophy that unfortunate events can happen spontaneously has been rejected in favor of the idea that every bad turn of events is someone's fault—and therefore compensable. A jury recently awarded former Oakland Raider and Linebacker Bill Enyan \$777,000 in a medical-malpractice judgment against the team orthopedist, following surgery to a knee damaged in a football game. Such awards can only result in greatly increased malpractice insurance premiums for all physicians involved in the care of athletes. When this happens, some physicians understandably may choose not to become involved with talented and expensive athletes. If enough doctors selected this alternative, you might have to ask the question "Can the very dangerous sport of football survive, not only without helmets but also without physicians?"

ROBERT A. JOHNSON, M.D.
Fort Collins, Colo.

BLUE JAYS DEFENDED

Michael F. Dorman and John W. Jerald write (with HOLT, May 9) that having a baseball team in Toronto is no big deal. Their letter comes from Portland Ore. Have they ever been to Buffalo? They should know that an attempt to field a baseball team in Buffalo a few years ago failed for lack of interest. Also Buffalo is one of the most polluted cities in the nation. And how can they say that Toronto is a "bland" city? It is one of the most exciting cities in the East. They should get their facts straight: there are more than 2½ million people in Toronto's metro area, and the Blue Jays sold more season tickets than the Kansas City Royals.

LARRY BARRIN
Agincourt, Ontario

RACQUETEERS

Kindly inform Morton Shmuk and Bob Kender (Served Up, Impervious) Under Glass May 2) that "something called paddle ball" (sic) is played according to standardized rules and requires considerably more skill than racquetball. Only at the highest levels of competition is racquetball anything more than the provision of a strong racquet to those unable to master handball or paddleball. Paddleball is the game.

MIKE MURRAY
Suttons Bay, Mich.

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